
THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

NOVEMBER, 1801.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF MRS. BILLINGTON.

Enriched with a capital Portrait, taken from Life.

FROM a man, infamous for his depredations on society, and whose character we gave in the last Number of our Miscellany, we now turn with pleasure, to an individual whose talents are devoted to the entertainment of mankind. Such persons possess that share of popularity which renders the particulars of their life a just object of curiosity.

The *lady*, whose Memoirs we are about to lay before our readers, is of foreign extraction. Her father is a German, of the name of WEICHSSELL, well known in the musical world. At what time he came to England, and whether he be still living, are matters which we have not ascertained. The *Germans* have been always distinguished for their ingenuity. In the polite arts they have of late greatly excelled, particularly in the science of music; here we have only to mention the name of HANDEL, which will be conveyed down with applause to latest posterity!

Miss WEICHSSELL is a native of the British metropolis, and made her first appearance upon our
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planet 1769. In the early stages of infancy she disclosed an admirable genius for music, which she has cultivated with unremitting application. At seven years of age wonders are told of her progress in this delightful art—and in the eleventh year of her age she manifested powers of harmony nearly approaching to perfection. Masters of every kind were provided for her, at a prodigious expence, and no labour spared to bring her talents to maturity. After such exertions in behalf of genius, we are led to form sanguine expectations. Nor shall we be disappointed. The soil being good, every seed cast into it shall spring up into a plentiful harvest. So much encouragement begets exertion, and exertion, properly directed, will in the end secure to itself an adequate degree of compensation.

Miss WEICHSSELL married a Mr. BILLINGTON, who had been her musical tutor; though this connection took place in direct opposition to the advice of her parents. They had opened to themselves prospects in the world highly flattering, from the attainments of their daughter; these visionary anticipations however, were at once consigned to oblivion.

Immediately on their marriage Mr. and Mrs. BILLINGTON set out for Ireland, and she soon got involved in theatrical engagements. Her powers were quickly ascertained. Her fame spread abroad with a rapidity which, in no small time, reached her native country.

But it was not till the year 1786, that she appeared on the boards of Covent Garden theatre for the first time, and established her reputation. Their majesties had appointed *Love in a Village*, of course her musical taste was fully displayed: so great was the impression on the audience, that the house, which was very crowded, resounded with acclamations!

Paris now became the object of her curiosity, and thither she directed her steps the succeeding year; where her taste must have been highly gratified. The singing of Sacchini had attracted her attention. She received his instructions; and he soon after quitted the stage of mortality.

Mrs. B. now returned to England, and performed repeatedly at Covent Garden theatre, with distinguished approbation. Her recent improvements must have made her a still greater favourite with the public; her merits, heightened by assiduous cultivation, met with an ample remuneration.

It is, however, the peculiar property of real genius never to be content with present attainments. The intellectual energies, unwearied in their progress, are rapidly borne towards the goal of perfection. Such was the case of Mrs. BILLINGTON, who therefore turned her attention to Italy, the seat of the fine arts, where the human voice had always been the object of cultivation.

In the year 1794, accordingly Mr. and Mrs. BILLINGTON set out for Italy, and during her absence abroad she ever kept in view her improvement. Milan, Leghorn, Padua, Genoa, Florence, and Naples, witnessed the display of her wonderful powers, and bestowed a most flattering portion of approbation. With such tokens of applause her sensibility must have been exquisitely gratified.

Naples, indeed, was the principal scene of her success and triumph. The polished taste and refined manners of the Neapolitans accorded with the delicate taste of the subject of our Memoirs. Here she attained to an amazing degree of popularity.

A circumstance, however, occurred during her stay at Naples, which must be mentioned, because it must have contributed in no small degree to her success. This was her introduction to court by Sir

William Hamilton and his lady; who, naturally proud of having so celebrated a singer from their own country, shewed her every possible attention. The King and Queen of Naples, in consequence of this introduction, were liberal in their favours—and such a flattering distinction was the sure passport to an extensive popularity. The British nobility then resident at Naples, were not wanting also in their countenance of Mrs. B. Thus circumstanced, we cannot wonder at the attachment of our heroine to Italy. So great was the attachment, that having married a native of Lyons in the year 1797, she has since that period resided with him on an estate in the neighbourhood of Venice, delightful as to its situation and rural scenery.

Mrs. B. nevertheless, indulging a predilection for her native country, has visited England once more, and been most kindly received. At COVENT GARDEN THEATRE, on Saturday the 3d of October, did this lady make her appearance before a most crowded audience, by whom she was congratulated with the ardour of enthusiasm. In giving an account of her *debut*, and of her attainments in the Italian school, we despair of doing her justice, and shall, therefore, insert the following able criticisms, taken from a respectable print: the article will not fail to gratify the readers of our Miscellany:

Oct. 5.

“ MRS. BILLINGTON, who has been so long the object of courtship by rival Managers, on Saturday night made her appearance before the English audience, after a study of seven years in the school of Italy. Every amateur of the art must rejoice on seeing the English stage thus strengthened and enriched, for music is the source of high and important influence both on the morals and the taste of a nation. Every people, however barbarous, feel its powers, and it is only the inconsiderate who say,

that it loses in force what it gains in science; or that it enervates in proportion as it polishes and softens the heart. If this same criticism upon science were to be admitted as just, we apprehend that the spirit of the doctrine must not be confined to music, but extended to all the series of the elegant arts. Nothing, however, is so false, as the supposition that science undermines the simplicity of natural taste, or deadens the sensibilities of the heart. We are subject, indeed, in the progress of every art, to the capricious fooleries of the inventive talent, and it too frequently happens that the love of novelty cherishes an extravagant style, by which, like the sated appetite of an epicure, a false taste is raised and gratified by niceties. It would be as unjust, however, to ascribe these errors to true science, as to brand any of the cardinal virtues with the affectations of the hypocrite, or to renounce knowledge because it may be abused.

“ In music every people has a style; and the consent of mankind has called that the most perfect which is the most simple. Thus the affinity between the music of Scotland and that of Italy, or in other words, between the most simple and the most polished—is greater than between that of any other two nations. Italy has cultivated, and to a very great degree preserved its science untainted by any vicious errors. It is not, however, altogether pure. The Germans have at length invaded the school, and a false extravagance has become too popular. The success of the Germans in the powers of instruments has led them to discover the human voice may also be made an instrument, and that its natural compass may be enlarged to an almost unlimited degree.—Without entering into any curious investigation of the natural organ, by which the pathetic sound, so superior to that of any artificial instrument, is propagated and sustained, we

shall only observe, that its influence on the soul is greatest when it comes from the breast, and that it diminishes in its power over the affections as it is generated in the throat, or proceeds only from the head. The last mode of propagating sound, (or what may be termed the nasal tone) is the fruitful source of all those playful and captivating delicacies which charm without affecting, and touch the ear without reaching the heart. He must be fastidious, however, that would object to this exquisite indulgence; since the talent may be exerted without destroying the more valuable source of moral emotion—the heartfelt energies of the natural voice.

“ We are led to this prefatory observation, because the return of Mrs. BILLINGTON may be considered as an epoch in the English school. She is so peculiarly endowed with this new talent of execution, that it is likely to influence the style of the stage, and to give a fashion to the art. With the natural voice of Mrs. BILLINGTON the public are well acquainted. She is one of the instances which ought ever to be held up as a model of imitation to the student, as she shews what wonders may be achieved by indefatigable exercise. Not merely skill but power are to be acquired by labour; so true is it, that the faculties, as well as the muscles, are to be strengthened by use. Mrs. BILLINGTON’s quality of voice, of course, remains the same, but it is improved in force, and mellowed by time. She is in fine health. Her *embonpoint* is a little beyond the ton of the day; but her figure is grand; and derives from her deportment, step, and manners, an uncommon interest. In this respect she is also most highly improved. Her carriage is easy, collected, and graceful. Her attitudes and action are just; and in executing the most difficult of her cadences, she betrays none of those contortions which some of

our singers so ridiculously, as well as painfully, fall into by habit.

“ We come now to examine her performance of the character of *Mandane*, in the beautiful opera of *Artaxerxes*. Her advance and presentation to the audience was distinguished by its elegance of address. It prepossessed the spectator by its ease.—The duettino with Mr. INCLEDON, which immediately followed, gave an admirable scope for the display of her *cantabile*, in contrast with a voice, the richest and most powerful in natural melody that our stage possesses. And here we found the advantage which science gives to nature. Mr. INCLEDON’s voice, superior in every valuable requisite, had not the delicacy and taste which high cultivation only can confer, and by which the delicious sympathy of the tones is heightened, and rendered irresistible. Mrs. BILLINGTON sung the duet with beauty and truth—but this air, as well as that which followed, and still more the fine air of “ Let not rage thy bosom firing ”—served to prove that the affecting is not so peculiarly her province as the *bravura*. In the latter she is not merely striking, but her powers exceed the grasp of our imagination. She imitates and goes beyond all the difficulties of the most exquisite violin; and she is therefore to be considered as having reached the achme of *instrumental* singing. The new *bravura* song introduced by a daring hand into the work of Dr. ARNE, was executed by her with such rapid, varied, and surprising feats of the voice (if we may be allowed the phrase) as to electrify the audience. It was a species of wonder, which made the mind doubt of it being human, it so nearly resembled the warbling of a bird. This song was originally composed for Mrs. BILLINGTON, by BIANCHI, when at Naples, and sung by her in the Theatre of San Carlos, to the enchantment of all the amateurs of

Italy. Never, however, was there a circumstance which so emphatically marked the difference between this style of execution, and the pathos of simple melody, than the impression which even Mr. HILL made immediately after this torrent, by the few notes of "In infancy our hopes and fears." The surprise of the one enraptured the theatre. The emotion of the other was felt in every artery of the frame. It soothed and softened the heart; and here it is that music is most truly valuable, when it is excited to rouse and agitate all the best interests of our nature. Mrs. BILLINGTON will give the means of a musical education to public taste. She will shew what is perfect in that astonishing part of the science, the instrumental; and though she cannot be equally considered as perfect in the more endearing and valuable branch of the art, she will shew the student the inestimable charms which may be added to natural beauty by the taste of skill. Her articulation is admirable; and she never fails, either through the want of breath or compass, to close every period with its due intonation. She is properly sparing of ornament—but it is tasteful, and upon repetition we find it constantly new. In the "Soldier tired of War's alarms," nothing could be more enchanting than the flowers with which she decorated the subject. MARA, who was present, must have felt her own skill exceeded in the novelty which she threw on this familiar air; in which there is just enough of the bravura to give scope to the flights of her voice, without the extravagance of BIANCHI's air.

"Upon the whole, we must remark on Mrs. BILLINGTON's appearance, that it is highly valuable; not merely for its own captivations, but because it will tend to cultivate and improve the English opera, both in its orchestra and its song. She made a condition with the managers that her

brother, Mr. WEICHSSELL, should lead the band on the nights of her performance. This may contribute to that emulation which is the source of improvement.—Mr. WEICHSSELL displayed very fine talents: he gave to the overture a force and beauty the most impressive, and he led the opera with great spirit and taste. We trust that he will be a permanent acquisition to the professional band of the country."

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LVI.]

ALFRED,

AN EPIC POEM, BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

Upon his couch ALFRED had stretch'd himself,
Sleepless tho' seeking sleep; on coming scenes
Poring with earnest brow.

ALFRED.

WE are now about to enter on a very interesting part of this poem. ALFRED, in the disguise of an Harper, enters the Danish camp—imitates the ravings of a maniac, the more effectually to elude detection—and having surveyed the forces of the enemy, returns triumphantly to his countrymen. This manœuvre lays the foundation for certain measures, by which the invaders were devoted to destruction. It is planned and executed with admirable dexterity.

Alfred first obtains his harp of an aged woodman—it belonged to his son, whom he supposes to have fallen in battle, fighting for the king—this harp, therefore, was kept sacred by father and mother—after some hesitation, however, the instrument and the son's mantle also, are given the monarch—

———And now the king
 Stood in his rustic dress. He took the harp,
 And having touch'd its strings, the old man danc'd
 So merrily, his eye with rapture shone,
 And every note a sympathetic cord
 Awoke within, rousing his dormant soul.
 When Alfred stopt, and to the woodman spoke—
 "My time is short, I now must bid adieu,
 With grateful heart for many a lesson taught
 And truth receiv'd—old man, awhile farewell!"
 The king then pass'd the threshold.

ALFRED marching onwards to the camp of the enemy, is seized by the Danes, who enquiring after the king, he replies—

I am a *simple harper*, and I love
 My harp so well—so little do I heed
 The bustling world, and all the strifes of men,
 That wandering unconcern'd, I know no care,
 But to preserve my harp and sit at ease!

Passing on, he is admitted into the camp without suspicion, till a band of Danes upbraids him with being a Saxon, and robs him of his harp—Guthrum at that instant came up, and him he supplicates—the scene is peculiarly beautiful and impressive—

———Alfred beheld the chief,
 And drawing near, replied, kneeling to earth,
 "It is thy servant's! Pity me, my lord!
 A stranger, and to me restore yon harp!"
 "Who art thou?" cried the Dane, "wherefore
 come here?"

"I am a simple man," the king replied,
 "Who loves sweet minstrelsy, and oft at eve,
 In lonely wanderings by the slow brook's side
 I pass my time. And when the stars are up,
 And I can hear the night birds whistling loud,
 I touch my harp to solemn music sounds,
 That gave the air a stillness. I have seen,

High in the heavens, the moon suspend her course
 To listen to my strains, whilst the proud trees
 So lofty over head, have hush'd their noise,
 And only to the loud gale bent themselves
 When I have ceas'd. There is my gentle harp,
 And if I ne'er should gain it, I must roam,
 Mourning this land about, or in a bark
 Sail up and down the ocean evermore :
 And when the stars of night shoot their red balls,
 Fly after them, and ere their flight hath ceas'd,
 Seize and direct their unextinguish'd course
 To him who robb'd me."

Guthrum cried—" Poor man !
 A wand'ring lunatic that here hath stray'd
 Unconscious. Instant yield the harp, oh ! Dane !
 For tho' we war with Saxons, we will spare
 Whom Gods have warr'd on." Alfred took the
 harp,
 And bending to the chief most gratefully,
 His way pursued.

Alfred soon meets with his beloved *Alswitha*,
 now a captive, and is ordered to soothe her with
 his strains in her captivity. A most affecting scene
 ensues between them, struggling with feelings by
 which they were almost overwhelmed.

——— Alfred stretch'd himself,
 Heart-sick and weary, on the chilling ground,
 And when the tempest of his mind seem'd hush'd,
 And sleep advancing on the midnight gale,
 Shouts of loud mirth were heard, and revelry.
 When ALFRED thus look'd up to heav'n and
 spake—

" Parent and guardian of all mortal things !
 The seraphim and worm thou seest alike ;
 Thou seest me, oh, Father ! thou behold'st
 All living things ! Thy power it was which screen'd
 ISAAC from death. Thine arm hath oft appear'd

troops to be involved in one general destruction. We find, however, that the event of the battle had a different termination. With the short description of it we shall close our present paper, regretting that we have not more room for extracts, which might be made in abundance, from this truly valuable poem:—

“ Swift down the hill they rush, and in the plain
Meet the bold Saxon! see! the fight begins!
The battle rages! sword with sword hath met!
And hark, the terrors of the sounding shield,
That like two sheets of ice meet, and thro’ heav’n
Send their loud dissonance and horrid crash!
The hoary head of some Norwegian crag,
High in the elements, that feels the blast
Shake its grey lock, which to the subject earth
At length rolls headlong, spreading as it rolls
One wide destruction, well display’s the course
Of ALFRED’S sword, as thro’ the Danish ranks
It breaks its way—strewing the plain with DEATH.”

THE PROSPECT OF LONDON.

From Moritz’s Travels on Foot through several Parts of England.

IT is no more singular than true, that many people, who have only visited London, are better capable of describing it than those who, perhaps, were not only born there, but have actually spent their days in the metropolis. In support of this assertion, and to prove that some foreigners have a better idea of London than many of its inhabitants, we lay before our readers the following pleasing description by a gentlemen of Berlin.

“ At length, dearest Gedike, I am again settled; as I have now got my trunk and all my things from the ship, which arrived only yesterday. Not wishing to have it taken to the custom-house,

which occasions a great deal of trouble, I was obliged to give a *douceur* to the officers, and those who came on board the ship, to search it. Having pacified, as I thought, one of them with a couple of shillings, another came forward and protested against the delivery of the trunk upon trust, till I had given him as much: to him succeeded a third; so that it cost me six shillings, which I willingly paid, because it would have cost me still more at the custom-house.

By the side of the Thames were several porters, one of whom took my huge heavy trunk on his shoulders with astonishing ease; and carried it till I met a hackney-coach. This I hired for two shillings; immediately put the trunk into it, accompanying it myself, without paying any thing extra for my own seat. This is a great advantage in the English hackney-coaches, that you are allowed to take with you whatever you please: for you thus save at least one half of what you must pay to a porter, and besides go with it yourself; and are better accommodated. The observations, and the expressions of the common people here have often struck me, as peculiar: they are generally laconic; but always much in earnest and significant. When I came home, my landlady kindly recommended it to the coachman not to ask more than was just, as I was a foreigner: to which he answered; nay, if he were not a foreigner, I should not overcharge him.

My letters of recommendation to a merchant here, which I could not bring with me on account of my hasty departure from Hamburg, are also arrived. These have saved me a great deal of trouble in the changing my money. I can now take my German money back to Germany; and when I return thither myself, refund to the correspondent of the merchant here, the sum which he here pays

me in English money. I should otherwise have been obliged to sell my Prussian *Friedrick's d'or* for what they weighed: for some few Dutch dollars, which I was obliged to part with, before I got this credit, they only gave me eight shillings.

A foreigner has here nothing to fear from being pressed as a sailor; unless indeed he should be found at any suspicious place. A singular invention for this purpose of pressing, is a ship which is placed on land not far from the Tower on Tower-hill, furnished with masts and all the appurtenances of a ship. The persons attending this ship promise simple country people, who happen to be standing and staring at it, to shew it to them for a trifle; and as soon as they are in, they are secured as in a trap; and according to circumstances made sailors of, or let go again.

The footway paved with large stones on both sides of the streets, appears to a foreigner exceedingly convenient and pleasant; as one may there walk in perfect safety, in no more danger from the prodigious crowd of carts and coaches, than if one was in one's own room; for no wheel dares come a finger's breadth upon the curb-stone. However, politeness requires you to let a lady, or any one to whom you wish to shew respect, pass, not as we do, always to the right, but on the side next the houses or the wall, whether that happens to be on the right or on the left, being deemed the safest and most convenient. You seldom see a person of any understanding or common sense, walk in the middle of the streets in London, excepting when they cross over; which at Charing Cross, and other places, where several streets meet, is sometimes really dangerous.

It has a strange appearance, especially in the Strand, where there is a constant succession of shop after shop; and where, not unfrequently, people

of different trades inhabit the same house, to see their doors, or the tops of their windows, or boards expressly for the purpose, all written over from top to bottom, with large painted letters. Every person, of every trade or occupation, who owns ever so small a portion of an house, makes a parade with a sign at his door; and there is hardly a cobbler, whose name and profession may not be read in large golden characters, by every one that passes. It is here not at all uncommon to see on doors in one continued succession, "*children educated here;*" "*shoes mended here;*" "*foreign spirituous liquors sold here;*" and, "*funerals furnished here.*" Of all these inscriptions, I am sorry to observe, that "*dealer in foreign spirituous liquors*" is by far the most frequent. And indeed it is allowed by the English themselves, that the propensity of the common people to the drinking of brandy or gin, is carried to great excess: and I own, it struck me as a peculiar phraseology, when, to tell you, that a person is intoxicated, or drunk, you hear them say, as they generally do, that *he is in liquor*. In the late riots, which even yet are hardly quite subsided, and which are still the general topic of conversation, more people have been found dead near empty brandy-casks in the streets, than were killed by the musket balls of regiments, that were called in. As much as I have seen of London, within these two days, there are on the whole, I think, not very many very fine streets and very fine houses, but I met every where a far greater number, and handsomer people, than one commonly meets in Berlin. It gives me much real pleasure, when I walk from Charing Cross up the Strand, past St. Paul's to the Royal Exchange, to meet in the thickest crouds, persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks, almost all well-looking people, and cleanly and neatly dressed. I rarely see even a fellow with

a wheelbarrow, who has not a shirt on ; and that too such a one, as shews it has been washed ; nor even a beggar, without both a shirt, and shoes and stockings. The English are certainly distinguished for cleanliness.

It has a very uncommon appearance in this tumult of people, where every one, with hasty and eager step, seems to be pursuing either his business or his pleasure ; and every where making his way through the croud, to observe, as you often may, people pushing, one against another, only perhaps to see a funeral pass. The English coffins are made very economically, according to the exact form of the body ; they are flat, and broad at top ; tapering gradually from the middle, and drawing to a point at the feet, not very unlike the case of a violin.

A few dirty looking men, who bear the coffin, endeavour to make their way through the croud as well as they can ; and some mourners follow. The people seem to pay as little attention to such a procession as if a hay cart were driving past. The funerals of people of distinction, and of the great, are, however, differently regarded.

These funerals always appear to me the more indecent in a populous city, from the total indifference of the beholders, and the perfect unconcern with which they are beheld.

The body of a fellow-creature is carried to his long home, as though it had been utterly unconnected with the rest of mankind. And yet, in a small town or village, every one knows every one ; and no one can be so insignificant as not to be missed, when he is taken away.

That same influenza, which I left at Berlin, I have the hard fortune again to find here ; and many people die of it. It is as yet very cold for the time of the year, and I am obliged every day to have a

fire. I must own, that the heat or warmth given by sea-coal, burnt in the chimney, appears to me softer and milder than that given by our stoves. The sight of the fire has also a chearful and pleasing effect. Only you must take care not to look at it steadily, and for a continuance, for this is probably the reason that there are so many young old-men in England, who walk and ride in the public streets with their spectacles on; thus anticipating, in the bloom of youth, those conveniences and comforts which were intended for old age.

I now constantly dine in my own lodgings; and I cannot but flatter myself, that my meals are regulated with frugality. My usual dish at supper is some pickled salmon, which you eat in the liquor in which it is pickled, along with some oil and vinegar; and he must be prejudiced, or fastidious, who does not relish it, as singularly well tasted and grateful food.

I would always advise those who wish to drink coffee in England, to mention before hand how many cups are to be made with half an ounce; or else the people will probably bring them a prodigious quantity of brown water; which (notwithstanding all my admonitions) I have not yet been able wholly to avoid. The fine wheaten bread which I find here, besides excellent butter and Cheshire cheese, makes up for my scanty dinners. For an English dinner, to such lodgers as I am, generally consists of a piece of half-boiled, or half-roasted, meat; and a few cabbage leaves boiled in plain water; on which they pour a sauce made of flour and butter. This, I assure you, is the usual method of dressing vegetables in England.

The slices of bread and butter, which they give you with your tea, are as thin as poppy leaves. But there is another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is

incomparably good. You take one slice after the other and hold it to the fire on a fork till the butter is melted, so that it penetrates a number of slices all at once : this is called *Toast*.

The custom of sleeping without a featherbed for a covering, particularly pleased me. You lie here between two sheets : underneath the bottom sheet is a fine blanket, which, without oppressing you, keeps you sufficiently warm. My shoes are not cleaned in the house, but by a person in the neighbourhood, whose trade it is ; who fetches them every morning, and brings them back cleaned ; for which she receives weekly so much. When the maid is displeased with me, I hear her sometimes at the door call me the *German* ; otherwise in the family I go by the name of *the Gentleman*.

I have almost entirely laid aside riding in a coach, although it does not cost near so much as it does at Berlin ; as I can go and return any distance not exceeding an English mile, for a shilling ; for which I should there at least pay a florin. But, moderate as English fares are, still you save a great deal if you walk or go on foot ; and know only how to ask your way. From my lodgings to the Royal Exchange, is about as far as from one end of Berlin to the other ; and from the Tower and St. Catharine's, where the ships arrive in the Thames, as far again ; and I have already walked this distance twice, when I went to look after my trunk, before I got it out of the ship. As it was quite dark when I came back the first evening, I was astonished at the admirable manner in which the streets are lighted up ; compared to which, our streets in Berlin make a most miserable shew. The lamps are lighted, whilst it is still day-light ; and are so near each other, that even on the most ordinary and common nights, the city has the appearance of a festive illumination ; for which some Ger-

man prince, who came to London for the first time, once, they say, actually took it, and seriously believed it to have been particularly ordered on account of his arrival.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT OF PONT Y POOL.

(*From Cox's History of Monmouthshire.**)

THE town of Pont y Pool is singularly placed on the edge of a steep cliff, overhanging the Avon Lwyd, and on the slope of a declivity under impending hills, partly bare, and partly mantled with wood. The line of the canal is seen winding above the town; a rapid torrent, descending from a lake at the foot of the Mynydd Maen, flows under the canal, and rushing impetuously along the outskirts of the town, precipitates itself into the Avon Lwyd, which rolls in an abyss beneath.

The appellation of Pont y Pool is modern, supposed to be derived from a bridge thrown over a large pool, which supplies water for a forge, but is a corruption of Pont ap Howell, or Howell's bridge.

Pont y Pool is a large straggling place, containing 250 houses, and 1500 souls. Several neat habitations, and numerous shops, present an appearance of thriving prosperity, notwithstanding the dusky aspect of the town, occasioned by the adjacent forges. The inhabitants derive great support from the iron works and collieries, and have been recently benefited by the trade of the canal. The place is the principal mart for the natives of the mountainous district, and the weekly market is not the least considerable, and the cheapest in Mon-

* For an account of this work, see our Review for July last.

mouthshire. It was a pleasing amusement to mix in these crowded meetings, to observe the frank and simple manners of the hardy mountaineers, and endeavour, in asking the price of their provisions, to extort a *Saxon* word from this *British* progeny. The women were mostly wrapped in long cloth cloaks, of a dark blue or brown colour; all of them wore mob caps, neatly plaited over the forehead and ears, and tied above the chin; several had also round felt hats, like those worn by the men, or large chip hats covered with black silk, and fastened under the chin. This head-dress gives an arch and lively air to the younger part of the sex, and is not unbecoming.

The town principally owes its foundation and increase to the iron works established by the family of Hanbury; it is likewise remarkable for the japan manufacture, known by the name of Pont y Pool ware. In the reign of Charles the second, Thomas Allgood, a native of Northamptonshire, came to Ponty y Pool, and being a man of a projecting genius, made various experiments to extract copperas and oil from coal, and finally invented the method of lackering iron plates with a brilliant varnish, in the same manner as the Japanese lackered wood; which was afterwards distinguished by the name of Pont y Pool ware. Dying, however, before it was brought to perfection, his son Edward, who inherited his father's genius as well as his father's secrets, pursued the discovery with encreasing spirit, made considerable improvements, and finally established a manufactory of japan ware, which was long unrivalled. This manufactory is still carried on by his grandson William, but on a less extensive scale; its decrease is principally owing to the rise of similar establishments in other places, and particularly at Usk, under a branch of the family.

Edward Allgood was the principal agent of Major Hanbury, and assisted him in directing and improving the iron works, particularly the wire manufactory, which was deficient in the method of polishing to that established at Woburn in Bedfordshire. For the purpose of discovering the secret, Edward Allgood repaired to Woburn, in the character of a beggar, and acting the part of a buffoon, gradually obtained access to the workshops, and was permitted to inspect the various processes, by which means he acquired the art of making the leys, the principal ingredient for giving a more brilliant polish to the iron wire, which was the only desideratum in the Pont y Pool works.

The situation of Pont y Pool, near a region rich in mineral treasures, in the midst of forges and collieries, and at the head of the canal, render it peculiarly commodious for the establishment of iron manufactories; and perhaps another generation may see a new Birmingham start up in the wilds of Monmouthshire!

Pont y Pool is in the manor of Lantarnam, and the townhouse was erected in 1730 by Mrs. Bray, joint lady of the manor with her sister Miss Morgan, which is commemorated by an inscription in English and Welsh on the front.

The family of Hanbury, to whom the town owes its consequence and celebrity, have long resided at Pont y Pool park, in the vicinity; their ancestors were formerly seated at Hanbury Hall in Worcestershire, from which place they derived their name. According to the red book of the bishopric of Worcester, Roger de Hanbury was born there in 1125, and his descendant Galfridus, resided there in the middle of the sixteenth century. About the year 1500 the possessor disinherited his brothers, and left the seat, and part of the estate, to

a natural daughter. Richard, the eldest, settled in London, and is distinguished as one of the Goldsmiths' company, (for so the bankers were called) in the reign of Henry the seventh. His eldest son, Capel, purchased an estate at Pont y Pool, and was the first founder of the iron works. The earliest conveyance deeds are dated 1565, and a regular account of the sale of iron commences in 1588. Neither he, or any of his immediate descendants, were permanently seated at Pont y Pool, but possessed landed property in the parish of Kidderminster, in the county of Worcester, where they seem to have resided. They occasionally repaired to Pont y Pool, for the purpose of inspecting the iron works; and the initial letters of John and Richard, the son and grandson of Capel, together with the family arms, are carved on the pulpit of the church, with the date of 1637.

Capel the son of Richard, died in 1704, and was buried in the chancel of Kidderminster church, under a flat sepulchral stone, with this memorial:

"Here was laid the body of Capel Hanbury, Esq. May it rest as he lived and died in peace, in the 79th year of his age, 14th January, 1704.

"With length of days he met his fate prepar'd,
No murmurs, not a sigh or groan was heard;
That peace that dwelt within his honest breast,
Has smooth'd his passage to eternal rest!"

His eldest son and heir John, usually known by the name of Major Hanbury, was born in 1664; after receiving a liberal education, and making a considerable proficiency in classical literature, he chose the profession of the law. He did not, however, long pursue his studies in this line: he said, one day, to Mr. Jones, of Lanarth, "I read Coke upon Littleton, as far as Tenant in Dower; but on the suggestion of a friend, that I should gain

more advantage from the iron works of Pont y Pool, than from the profits of the bar, I laid aside Tenant in Dower, and turned my attention to mines and forges."

In 1701 he married Albina Selwyn, daughter of John Selwyn, Esq. of Matson, in the county of Gloucester, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune. With this addition to his own property, he determined still farther to improve the iron works at Pont y Pool, near which place he built a house, and fixed his residence.

His skill and indefatigable application were crowned with considerable success; he increased the produce of his iron works, made many improvements in the machinery, invented the method of rolling iron plates by means of cylinders, and introduced the art of tinning into England.

By the interest of his wife's family, he was chosen, in 1701, member for the city of Gloucester, which he continued to represent in three succeeding parliaments. His wife dying without issue, he espoused, in 1703, Bridget Ayscough, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Ayscough, knight, in the county of Lincoln; she was in high favour with the duchess of Marlborough, and by this connection he acquired the protection of the duke, who honoured him with particular marks of confidence and esteem.

On the accession of George the first, he was chosen, on the independent interest, member for the county of Monmouth, which he continued to represent until his death. Although no speaker, he distinguished himself as a man of business, and was appointed chairman to several committees. During the reign of Queen Anne, and the early part of the reign of George the first, he uniformly voted with the whigs; but on the schism, which divided that party, he joined the body hostile to

government, opposed the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and his name appears among the members who voted against the excise.

In 1720 he obtained a considerable acquisition of property; Mr. Williams, of Carleon, who fled from his country for killing Mr. Morgan, of Penros, in a rencontre, having received on his return to England, great marks of attention and friendship from Major Hanbury, stood godfather to his son Charles, and dying unmarried, bequeathed to him the bulk of his fortune, which exceeded 70,000*l.* under the condition of purchasing estates, the proprietor of which should assume the name and arms of Williams. In memory of his benefactor, Major Hanbury erected a monument in Westminster Abbey, with an elegant inscription, expressive of his regard and gratitude.

Soon after the failure of the South Sea scheme, when many of the directors were dismissed, the integrity of his character, and his talents for business, recommended him to the proprietors, and he was appointed one of the new directors. About the same period, he had the honour of being one of the executors of his patron the Duke of Marlborough's will. In gratitude for his faithful discharge of that delicate office, the Duchess of Marlborough presented him with an elegant service of plate, and his wife with a valuable set of jewels.

Before his death he purchased the estate of Coldbrook, and settled it on his son Charles, godson of Mr. Williams, afterwards well known under the name of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. He died highly respected, beloved, and lamented, in 1735, in the 70th year of his age. He left five sons; John, who died in 1736 without issue; Capel, the ancestor of the present possessor of Pont y Pool park; Charles; George, who succeeded to the es-

tate of Coldbrook after the death of Charles; and Thomas, who died in 1778 without issue.

The widow of Major Hanbury resided at Pont y Pool until her death in 1741, when Capel inherited the estate. On the death of Sir Charles, without issue male, Capel had, by his father's will, the option of the Coldbrook estate, on the condition of relinquishing that of Pont y Pool to his brother George. A compromise, however, took place; Capel retained Pont y Pool, with 23,000*l.* the remainder of the legacy left by Mr. Williams, which had not been expended in the purchase of lands, and George succeeded to Coldbrook.

Capel, after representing the borough of Leominster, was several times knight of the shire for the county of Monmouth, and declined the offer of a peerage.

Capel dying in 1765, was succeeded by his son John, who likewise represented the county of Monmouth, until the time of his decease in 1784; when the independent interest which had hitherto supported the family, was, by the minority of his son, diverted into another channel.

His eldest son John Capel, dying in 1795, the seat of Pont y Pool park, and the estate, were inherited by Capel Hanbury, Esq. the present proprietor, who has since assumed the name of Leigh, in consequence of the will of the late Lord Leigh, devising his property to his next of kin male, bearing the name and arms of Leigh.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SLAVERY.

Translated from the Abbe Raynal's celebrated History of the Indies.

BY A FRIEND TO THE VISITOR.

MONTESQUIEU could not bring himself to treat the subject of slavery with seriousness. In fact, it is to degrade the powers of reason to employ them, I will not say to defend, but even to palliate an enormity so repugnant to reason.—He that justifies a system so completely odious, deserves the utter contempt of the philosopher, and the dagger of the negro.

“If you touch me, I stab myself,” says Clarissa to Lovelace—and I would say to him who should attempt to despoil me of my liberty, “if you approach me, I’ll stab you.” And I should reason better than Clarissa; for to defend my liberty, or which amounts to the same, my life, is my first, to respect that of another, is only my second duty. The death of an aggressor is more conformable to justice than the death of an innocent.

Will any one say, that he who endeavours to enslave me is not an aggressor—that he avails himself of his rights? Where are his rights? Who has given them a character so sacred as to silence mine? I derive from nature the right to defend myself—she has not given *thee* the right to attack me.—If *thou* thinkest thyself justified in oppressing me, because thou art more vigorous and more expert than I, do not complain when my nervous arm severs thy breast to tear thy guilty heart out of it. Do not complain when the agonies of that death which I have mingled with thy food are felt in thy tortured entrails—I am stronger and more expert than thou—be *victim* in thy turn—and expiate *now* the crime of having been an oppressor.

He who vindicates the system of slavery, is an enemy to the human species.—He severs it into two grand divisions of legitimate assassins, the oppressors and the oppressed; and as much as says to all around him, “if you mean to preserve your own lives, hasten then to deprive me of mine, for I certainly mean to despoil you of yours.”

But you will say, the right of slavery reaches only to liberty and labour—not to the life. Alas! the master who disposes of my strength as he thinks proper, does he not also dispose of my days, which are worn away by the constrained and immoderate exertion of my faculties?—What is life to him who possesses no property in it? I must not murder my slave at once—but I may exhaust his blood drop by drop under the lash of the *driver*. I may overwhelm him by sorrow, labours, and deprivations—I may attack every member, and, deaf to his complaints, undermine the principles and the springs of life—I may strangle, by lingering punishments, the unfortunate embryo which the negress bears in her bowels. In short, the laws protect the slave from instant death only to indulge me with the cruel right of compelling him to *die* all his days!

We add—the right of slavery is the right to commit every species of crime. It attacks property—for you leave to your slave no property in himself;—it destroys security—for you sacrifice it to your capricious humours—humours at which modesty shudders. My blood boils at those horrible recollections—I hate—I fly the human species—a mass of victims and murderers—and, unless it reforms, may it be annihilated!

One word more, since it must be said, Cartouche seated at the foot of a tree in the depth of the forest, calculating the receipts and costs of his robberies, the rewards and the wages of his assistants, and casting up the rules of proportion and

distributive justice, Cartouche—Is he very different from the slave merchant (*Armateur*), who bending over his desk, with pen in his hand, calculates how many crimes he must commit on the coast of Guinea; who examines at leisure how many and what will be the expence of the muskets which he must deliver out, in order to carry on the war, of which slaves are the produce—how many iron chains, to bind them down to the decks of his vessels—how many whips to compel them to labour—what will be the cost of every drop of blood with which the negro will sprinkle his miserable dwelling—and, whether the negress will repay him most by the labour of her hands, or by the produce of her womb!—What think ye of this parallel? The thief attacks you, and plunders you of your money—the merchant plunders you of yourself—the one violates the laws of society, the other outrages the laws of nature. Yes, doubtless, and if there exists a religion which authorises, which tolerates, though only in silence, horrors such as these; which, however occupied with useless and seditious questions, forbears to thunder its anathemas upon the authors and the instruments of such tyranny—if it constitutes it a crime when the slave breaks his chains—if it suffers in its bosom the iniquitous judge who condemns the fugitive to death—if such a religion exists, may its priests be crushed beneath the ruins of its altars!

But the negroes are a species of men born for slavery; they are inferior in mental capacity to others; knaves, wicked; they themselves confess our superiority, and acknowledge the justice of our empire over them.

The negroes are inferior in mental capacity; because bondage enfeebles all the energies of the soul. They are wicked; wicked enough with you. They are crafty knaves; because truth is not due to their

tyrants. They confess the superiority of our minds, because we have abused their ignorance; the justice of our empire over them, because we have abused their weakness. I would rather say, that the Indians are a race of men born to be crushed, because there are fanatics among them who will precipitate themselves under the chariot wheels of their idol, before the temple of Jagernaut!

But the negroes were born slaves. On whom, barbarians, can you impress the belief that a man can be the property of his prince? A son the property of his father? A wife the property of her husband? A servant the property of his master? A negro the property of a planter?

But the slaves have sold themselves. Never could man consent, by any covenant or agreement, that another man should use or abuse him at his will—or, if he has consented to such covenant and agreement, it must have been in some moment of weakness, or ignorance. He is no sooner roused from it, his reason no sooner returns, than he is released from his obligation.

But they have been captured in war. What is that to you? Leave the victor to abuse his success as he pleases. Why should *you* render yourself an accomplice in his guilt?

But they were criminals, condemned by their country to slavery. Who were their judges? Are you to be taught that, under a despotic government, there is but one delinquent, the *despot* himself?

The subject of a despot, like the slave, is placed in a situation repugnant to nature. Every thing which contributes to detain man in it is a crime against his person. The hands which unite in subjecting him to the tyranny of one individual, are the hands of enemies. Would you know who are the authors and the accomplices of this vio-

lence! All around him. His mother, who gave him the first lesson of such obedience—his neighbour, who set him the example of submission—his superiors, who have compelled his will—his equals, who have biassed his judgment by theirs—all are instruments and ministers of tyranny. The tyrant is but the main spring of those efforts which his subjects mutually make to oppress each other. He keeps them in a state of continual warfare, which legitimates robbery, treason, murders. So that like the blood which circulates in his veins, all the crimes which are committed diverge from his heart, and return to concentrate there. Caligula wished that the whole human race had but one head, that he might have the pleasure of striking it off! Socrates would have said, that if all the crimes of society could have been centered in one head, that should have been the head which he would have devoted to the block!

Let us haste then, to substitute to the blind ferocity of our fathers, the light of reason, and the feelings of humanity. Let us break the chains which we have fixed upon the victims of our avarice. Let us renounce a commerce which has injustice alone for its basis, and luxury for its object.

No: we need not sacrifice the productions which habit has rendered so indispensable to us. You may derive them from your colonies, without peopling them with slaves. Those productions can be cultivated by free men, and enjoyed without remorse.

The islands abound with negroes who have regained their liberty. They cultivate successfully the little portions of land which they have acquired by donation, or by their industry. They live in peace, and devote themselves to a mode of life at once independent and productive. The slaves of Den-

mark, who have been emancipated, have they abandoned their homes?

Do we believe that the facility with which the necessities of life are extracted without labour from the naturally fertile soil, the little inconvenience with which, under this burning sky, they bear the want of cloathing, will immerse them in idleness? Why then do not the inhabitants of Europe confine themselves to the production of articles of the first necessity? Why do they exhaust themselves in laborious occupations, the object of which is the gratification of transient whim? There are a thousand professions among us, some more laborious than others, which are wholly the effect of our institutions. The law has brought to light a swarm of factitious wants, which would never have existed without it. Distributing property at its capricious will, it has subjected an infinite multitude of men to the imperious will of men, and compelled them to dance and sing for a livelihood. You have among you beings formed like yourselves, who voluntarily inter themselves in the bowels of the mountains to procure you metals, and particularly copper, which poisons you. Why will you affect to believe that the negroes are less bubbles, less fools, than the Europeans?

Granting liberty gradually to these unfortunates, as the reward of their economy, of their good conduct, of their labour; be careful to subject them to your laws, to accommodate them to your manners, to divide with them your superfluities. Give them a country, interests to study, productions to cultivate, indulgencies accommodated to their tastes, and your colonies will not want hands—hands, which eased of their fetters, will become more active, more robust!

To overturn the system of slavery, sustained by

passions so universal, by laws so authorised, by the rivalry of powerful nations, by prejudices yet more powerful, to what tribunal shall we carry the cause of humanity, betrayed by such concerted multitudes? Monarchs of the earth, you alone can accomplish this revolution!—If you sport not with the wreck of men—if you regard not the powers of sovereigns as the right of fortunate robbery, and the obedience of subjects as a march stolen upon their ignorance, recall your duties to your recollection—withhold the seal of your authority to the guilty, the infamous traffic, which reduces men to a level with the beasts of the field—and this commerce will be seen no more!—Unite, for once, to promote the happiness of the world, your projects and your strength, so often united to promote its ruin! and if any one among you dares to erect, upon the generosity of the rest, the hope of augmenting his own riches, his own grandeur, he is an enemy to the human race, and ought to be destroyed!—Carry fire and sword into his domain. Your armies will glow with the holy enthusiasm of humanity. You will then see the difference which virtue places between those who succour the oppressed, and the hirelings who sell themselves to tyrants.

But what am I saying? Cease, ye useless plaints of humanity, to address yourselves to the people or their masters. It has never, perhaps, been consulted in public operations. Alas! if interest alone has influence with your sordid souls, nations of Europe, hear one yet!—Your slaves want neither your generosity nor your counsels, to break the sacrilegious yoke which oppresses them. Nature cries louder than philosophy or interest. Already massacred *white men* have expiated in part our crimes. Already two colonies of fugitive negroes are established, whom treaties and force have set

aloof from your attempts. Poison has, from time to time, avenged some victims—others are escaped by suicide, from your oppressive power. These enterprises are so many flashes of lightning, which announces an approaching hurricane! The negroes only want a chief, sufficiently daring to lead them on to vengeance and slaughter.

Where is the great man, whom nature perhaps owes to the honour of the human race? Where is the new Spartacus that will not find the Crassius? Then shall the black code be seen no more, and the white code shall be terrible, if the victor thinks only of reprisals!

We cannot conclude this article in a better way than by laying before our readers the opinion of our present *premier* (Mr. Addington), delivered by him in the character of Speaker of the House of Commons, on Monday, April 2, 1792.

I never listened, said he, with greater satisfaction in my life to any speech, than to that just delivered by his right honourable friend (Mr. Dundas), who had relieved him from the utmost pain and anxiety. He declared, that he was one of those alluded to by his right honourable friend, who had preferred a middle path in regard to the abolition of a trade, or rather a crime, which he had never heard mentioned without feeling the utmost abhorrence and detestation. Hitherto he had been silent on the subject, because he had felt that he could not go the length of voting with his honourable friend, who had introduced the question of the abolition of the trade into that house: but now he had heard what he could concur in with ease to his mind, and satisfaction to his conscience. He complimented Mr. Whitbread on his eloquent speech, and agreed with him in thinking that the slave trade, however modified, could not be defended, because no argument could justify

the selling of one man for money to the despotism of another man, and tearing him away against his will from his country, his family, and his friends, in order to make him drag out a miserable existence in bondage, in a distant country, to which he was an utter stranger. While he turned with disgust from the hateful trade, he saw the necessity of considering the opposite claims, and was also fearful the trade, if relinquished by us, might be carried on in a manner more repugnant to the interests of humanity,

“ He thought these opposite interests would be in a great degree reconciled by the scheme of gradual abolition. He suggested, that the imports of slaves into the island should be limited to ten or twelve years. He contended that negroes, notwithstanding the difference of their colour, ought to be regarded as human creatures. He condemned the slave trade as a measure he had always abhorred. The nervous eloquence of his honourable friend recalled to his memory the observation of a very venerable and eminent judge, now in retirement and in the vale of years (Lord Mansfield), who, when charged with showing too much lenity to a rebel lord, said, that he knew no language which could add guilt to treason. In the same view he knew no language which could add to the horrors of the slave trade; and the proposition now before them would undoubtedly tend to prevent man from preying upon man.

“ Mr. Addington said, the present state of the negroes in the West India islands certainly was inadequate to the necessary supply to do the work of the planters; there was too unequal a comparison between the males and females: he not only therefore considered an immediate abolition of the importation of the African negroes as impolitic, but should think a duty on the importation of male ne-

groes would operate as a bounty on the importation of female slaves, and in a few years the defect would be supplied. Mr. Dundas's proposition, Mr. Addington said, appeared to him to be such as could not be opposed by any rational objection; he agreed with him in the whole of it, one point excepted, viz. the making of those negro children free who were born slaves. He thought rather, that they should have their freedom after a period of service of ten or fifteen years, to pay their masters for the expence of rearing and educating them. A bounty for such as should rear more children, bearing a proportion to the sexes, payable to such negro fathers, might, he conceived, produce the most salutary effects, and greatly tend to increase the population of the negroes. He declared he did not think his right honourable friend would have submitted his ideas to the house, if he had not meant to state them afterwards in the form of a substantial proposition: he therefore hoped that his honourable friend's motion (Mr. Wilberforce's) would not be adopted, but that his end would be answered by other means."

For the Monthly Visitor.

THOUGHTS ON SPRING.

OH! what a scene of beauty bursts upon the sight in this gay season, when every bud gives up its leafy prisoner; at first the tender green peeps cautious, as fearful of the northern blast, till warmed by *thee*, bright orb, whose vivifying touch is felt, and then the little folded captive expands its young soft leaf, till all the grove is deepened into shade, where birds melodious, warbling from the first dawn of morn till the grey eve;

whose slow advance obscures the lovely scene, nor then, scarce mute the winged tribe, whose ever chearful note is tuned to hail reanimated nature. Who can indifferent pass the flowery tribe which Flora spreads, and with no niggard hand, as through the shady lane we pass; or meadow gay, with cowslips bending their modest heads. To me, more dear, her wild sweet scented children, who want not slender elegance of form, than all the gay and formal garden yields. Interesting this makes the rural ramble; Oh! may my heart never be dead unto this pure soft pleasure, though sometimes care, corroding care, may damp its glow—nor ever insensible of the great forming hand that spread the towering cedar, and scented the sweet lilly of the vale.—But what balmy fragrance comes floating on the breeze from yon gay appled orchard, where white and lovely rosy red streaks the fair blossom; the expecting swain fondly anticipates the cooling beverage. Oh, may no adverse winds, nor cankering worm blight his gay hopes, but autumn pour them in his open lap, matured by summer sun and shower.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE BEGGAR'S TALE.

(Continued from Page 169.)

DURING the course of Henry's frequent visits, several subjects were started, and several incidents related by Richard and Amelia, (which was the lady's name) with a view to sound his disposition, and to make trial whether he would be an easy convert to vice; but the method in which these were introduced was always so artful and cunning, as to leave their own opinions entirely

ambiguous. Sometimes too, the sharper would rally him on his narrow circumscribed ideas of men and things, and sometimes he would endeavour to laugh him out of what he called his antiquated country notions. But Henry's behaviour upon these occasions was so determined, and his conclusions so decidedly in favour of virtue, that it only remained for them to join their assent; which they never failed to do in the most animated language, accompanied with the warmest encomiums.

It was now found expedient for Richard to pretend a jaunt into the country, to spend a few weeks at the house of a distant relation; that he might be more at liberty to recruit his exhausted finances, without which it would be impossible to keep up appearances. For the gang began already to be distrustful of the happy issue of an affair which was so tedious in its progress, and to grumble at the expence of so much time and labour in support of a project, the success of which was at best uncertain. Recommending, therefore, the care of his sister to Henry; and adding many friendly cautions with regard to the artifices of the town, and the danger of too implicit credulity, he took his leave.

Henry had now frequent opportunities of being alone with Amelia, and these were improved by her to the best advantage. Whatever she thought would have the effect to dazzle his fancy, or to captivate his heart, was exhibited in the most enchanting point of view; and the compliments, which admiration and love produced on his part, were received by her with such bewitching modesty, as greatly enhanced the value of the whole. Sometimes she would assume the sprightly air: and then she seemed to rival Thalia, or even Venus herself, encircled by the graces. Then would she relate the affecting story, in all the simplicity of

artless truth; but the speaking feature well supplied the place of rhetoric, for eloquence darted from her eyes, and pity quivered on her lip. Often, at a lucky moment, would she introduce her native country, and bestow on it those encomiums which she knew were so grateful to Henry's soul. Every spot which patriotism or infancy rendered dear, every name which dignified the annals of war, or the muses, received its appropriate eulogy from her persuasive tongue. Amid all these, would the praises of the Scottish fair ones be forgot? No; this was Henry's theme—a theme upon which he never failed to expatiate with peculiar animation and delight; but more particularly on these occasions, as he had now a distinguished example before his eyes, and the idea of a still brighter one ever present in his mind. To diversify the scene, Amelia was wont to play a few favourite airs on the guitar, and accompany it with her charming voice. He was a passionate admirer of music, and when the strings were touched to Rosline Castle, Gilderoy,* he was transported again to the wild hills and romantic vales of Scotland.

Henry was not so blind to espy faults in others as he was mild to overlook them. He was really possessed of that charity which thinketh no evil; and loath to discover the deformities of the human character, he attributed every action to the best motive which plausibility would admit. Thus the wanton forwardness with which Amelia sometimes endeavoured to inflame his passions, he considered as the effect of that extreme sensibility which occasionally overleaps the narrow bounds of frigid decorum; and the suspicious persons, whom he observed to frequent the house, he thought, were allured to it.

* The Birks of Invermay, or the Yellow haired Laddie.

by the singular indulgence of its owner, who always pitied and relieved misery; though evidently the offspring of vice, and the attendant of infamy. In this manner his own upright intentions rendered him the dupe of the artifices of others. His principles, however, remained secure, and his morals uncontaminated: regular and affecting was his correspondence with Maria; and my opinions were always attended to with deference and respect.

From the whole tenor of his conduct, the sharpers now perceived that one engine alone could be employed with success, to entice Henry to the paths of vice; and though it may appear paradoxical, this engine was no other than the power of virtuous love.

Richard's theory led him to believe, that love is omnipotent: and that it either renders the lover blind to failings, or converts those failings into virtues, and, if firmly established, constitutes the beloved object sole arbitress, both of his opinions and actions. To cherish and promote such a passion, therefore, he enjoined as the main object of Amelia's care. But before that scheme could be perfected to maturity, an accident happened, attended by all the consequences of which time and her arts could have been productive.

As our regiment was soon to embark for America, some necessary duties required my attendance for a few days at Portsmouth. During this absence, Henry and Amelia, for the sake of amusement, went regularly to the theatre. One evening as he handed her into a box, he was surprised by the supercilious looks, busy whispers, and contemptuous titterings of some young gentlemen, who were already seated there. These were so often repeated, with additional circumstances of affront, and Henry so easily perceived himself to be the ob-

ject of them, that he soon thought it necessary to enquire if they meant to insult him?

"Oh! by no means," replied one of them, with a cutting sneer, "we were only astonished that your lady had so soon recovered the effects of her late connection with Lord D——."

At this unparalleled reply Amelia was covered with deep confusion; while Henry, whose blood boiled in his veins, deigned to make them no other answer than by giving them the lie. The evening was spent by them with tumultuous, though different emotions; and next morning a challenge was sent, and accepted by both parties.

Henry possessed few of the qualities of his parents: they were timid and rather irresolute; but he, alas! was the soul of honour. Had it been the will of heaven to have rendered him, on this occasion, the victim of his own imprudence, many a bitter reflection, and many an hour of misery, would never have shaded the dark picture of our future lives; but he was reserved for other sufferings, and was then only mingling the ingredients of that cup, of which we were both afterwards so largely to partake.

The duel was fought. Henry disarmed his antagonist; and, crowned with victory, returned to rejoice with the fair one on his success, and to hail her innocent and uncontaminated as the virgin snow.

Who can fathom the artifices of woman, or penetrate into the deep cunning of her ready invention? Amelia seemed overwhelmed with gratitude, and dissolved in joy. She called him her brave man, her hero, her deliverer; to whom she owed her safety, her honour, her all: and, in the tender moment of extasy, sunk into his arms.

——"Ye prudes in virtue say,
Say, ye severest, what would ye have done?"

Ill-fated interview! unhappy youth! that hour guilt took possession of thy bosom, innocence flew to her native abode, and her sister peace, with all her gentle comforts, soon followed.

Before this tumult of pleasure had time to subside, it was resolved to write to Henry's father for an ample remittance, that they might be enabled to enjoy the golden dream to the utmost extent. But when he began to reflect, conscience bestirred itself, like the rankling embers of a smothered fire; the letter was interspersed with unconnected sentences and abrupt ejaculations, so that, upon the whole, it seemed to be the production of a disordered mind. He had no sooner taken his leave, than these pangs assailed him with tenfold violence. All his injustice to the injured Maria rushed at once into his mind, and, stung with the recollection, he resolved to go to the sorceress no more. But scarcely was this resolution formed, when the picture of ruined innocence arose to his imagination, he thought he saw the gentle Amelia, with looks of softest complaints, reproaching him for his cruelty and neglect.—“You blasted my virgin fame,” said she, “what have I done to deserve this?” A thousand times he was tempted to cut the thread of life, but as often the voice of religion stayed his uplifted hand.

This storm of contending passions, felt a momentary cessation from my arrival. By a fall from my horse I had received a fracture in my arm, and was conveyed home the remainder of the way by easy stages in a coach. Although my situation at first alarmed his apprehensions, and he afterwards carefully endeavoured to conceal his emotions from me; yet I soon perceived the distraction of his mind. That this present uneasiness, however, originated from his solicitude for my welfare, and some gloomy ideas of human nature that he had

lately imbibed, by a discovery of falsehood in a young acquaintance, who had promised better things, was all the information which my eager enquiries could produce. My importunities ceased at that time, for a slight fever was the consequence of my imprudent continuation of my journey; to prevent the increase of which, quiet and patience were absolutely necessary.

Neither his anxiety for me, nor indeed the rules of decorum, would permit him to quit the house while I remained in this situation; but he soon dispatched a billet to Amelia, explaining the reasons of his absence, and soliciting forgiveness, till such time as my recovery should allow him to revisit her again.

But Amelia, who was well aware of the influence which the presence of beauty possesses in preserving alive the vigour of affection, flew to him upon the wings of impatience and love, to inform herself more particularly of my condition, and to condole with him upon the present misfortune.

Immersed in pleasure, and intoxicated with delight in her company, he became lost to the voice of manly virtue, and to the nobler sallies of the soul; a pleasing delirium overpowered his senses, and the torpor of lethean oblivion benumbed the powers of his mind. It was his ambition to gratify her minutest wish, and the liberality of unlimited promises compensated in the mean time for those restrictions which the present juncture imposed upon their desires. This rapturous communication of felicity continued for some time; but when my recovery enabled me again to join the company, a more tranquil kind of pleasure was substituted in its place. Still, however, when she departed, the same sullen gloom covered upon Henry's countenance, and the turbid eye bespoke the agitation of his soul. His appearance, during

her stay, resembled the lucid interval, that often precedes the paroxysms of a violent disease.

As we sat one day together in this manner, and Amelia endeavoured to amuse my confinement by repeating some agreeable stories, a knock was heard—the door immediately burst open—and Maria flew into the room! She had been at Henry's father's, when his letter above alluded to was received; and as it contained a mystery which it was impossible for them to resolve, gloomy apprehensions intruded upon her imagination. They were soon after realised by the contents of a note, which she received from my servant Joseph.

In attachment to his master, this honest fellow had been seldom equalled: in prudence, alas! he had often been surpassed. Considering Henry's despondency as a certain proof of my danger, and knowing that no letter had been sent to Maria since that unhappy accident, he considered it as his duty to inform her, that her filial affection might direct to the proper measures upon such an emergency.

All the inexplicable parts of Henry's letter were now elucidated, and the full meaning was affixed to every mournful sentence. But she still hoped that expedition might enable her at least to enjoy the sad comfort, to receive my last blessing, and close my dying eyes. Without, therefore, communicating her intention to any person, she hastily drew a large sum from my banker, and hurrying into a post-chaise, with unremitted celerity advanced to the metropolis.

It is impossible to describe the varying expressions of Maria's countenance, much more is it beyond the power of language to give but a faint sketch of that posture in which Henry's features were enhanced. Maria's looks declared an instantaneous transition from the rack of impatience to the summit of bliss; but the blank confusion of Henry's

face bespoke a sensation without a name, or rather a chaos of undigested fermenting ideas, that laboured in his breast. His tottering knees could scarce support him to meet her warm embrace, and the welcome which he uttered was involuntary, as the movement of his pulse. He was unable to introduce her to Amelia, who abruptly took her leave, before I had time to perform that usual ceremony.

The whole truth now struck me like lightning, every circumstance flashed conviction on my mind. I now too plainly perceived the origin of Henry's uneasiness, and already began to feel sensations almost as tormenting as his; when my attention was suddenly called to my daughter. Her delicate frame was little adapted to endure the fatigue of a hasty inconvenient journey, but impatience had embraced every nerve, and the exertions of her mind had supported the deficiencies of nature. When those, however, were relaxed, the influx of joy overpowered her wasted spirits, and she sunk into a gentle swoon. Recovered from this, she had just satisfied my curiosity, by explaining the motives of her unexpected journey, and was making some enquiries about the lady who so suddenly retired upon her appearance, when Amelia stood before us.

Without allowing time for resolution or conjecture, she dropt upon the floor, and grasped Henry's knees, while the tears streamed plentifully from her eyes, and the heavings of her bosom proclaimed the emotions of her soul. "Will you," cried she, "permit an abandoned wretch, who has abused you, to relate her crimes, as the only atonement which I can now offer for them. Alas! sir, you have been grossly imposed upon—you never violated my virgin fame, nor did you entice a thoughtless maid from the paths of innocence and truth—that was the task of one possessed of a less generous soul. On the contrary, I myself made

the first advances; and though modesty has long been a stranger to this breast, I blush at the recollection of the many shameful artifices and indecent liberties that I employed to ensnare your honest heart. I see you view me with horror after this discovery; but, unworthy and guilty as I am, do not execrate me as the sole perpetrator of such enormous villainy. No—the person whom you considered as my brother, a wretch, to whom necessity obliged me to attach myself, was the vile instigator and accomplice of my crimes. Oh! spare me, sir, the remainder of this tale of complicated wickedness. But justice demands it—the first consequence of guilt is detection; and let me not be exempted from the common lot of miscreants. The main object of all my pursuits was marriage; and had my endeavours succeeded according to our wishes, the effects would have been dreadful beyond description. Your bed would have been polluted by my unchaste embraces—your honour contaminated by so infamous an alliance—your fortune embezzled and ruined, by the fictitious bills granted by me to villains for that very purpose, which would daily have thronged upon you—your existence would have been miserable—and your end perhaps untimely, when you no longer proved the means of gratifying unbounded extravagance, and irreparable debauchery. I shudder at the thoughts of the abyss into which you would have been irretrievably plunged; but the interposing Providence of heaven prevented this catastrophe, and virtue, in the form of that fair lady, flew to rescue its beloved charge. Virtuous love was once the inmate of this bosom; but, for some time, alas! it has been inhabited by a very different guest. Awed, however, by its dignity, and captivated again by its charms, I became sensible of my own deformity; remorse seized upon me, and

the thrice happy moment arrived, when I formed the blessed resolution to prostrate myself at your feet. Oh! sir, may you never feel those pangs which now rend my soul—an outcast from God—an outcast from my relations—without a friend upon earth, and even abhorred and detested by myself. Of you I can hardly have the assurance to make a request; yet one glance of pity, one word of comfort and forgiveness, would serve to smooth the rugged path of penitence, and dart a ray of hope over my benighted soul. Your good and generous heart, I know, will forgive my past misdeeds, and tenderly contribute to my future felicity.

“The gracious benignity of that old gentleman’s countenance, enables me to hope that he will rejoice over my penitential tears, and aid the resignation of a repentant sinner.

“But how shall I address this young lady, or with what entreaties can I hope to mitigate my offences to her, or to awaken her mercy? Yet I perceive mild compassion beaming in her eyes; her sympathetic breast will disdain to triumph over the miseries even of an enemy, and will pardon the lapses of a fallen sister—

“To err is human, to forgive divine.”

And the voice of nature exclaims—frailty! thy name is woman.

“To walk at an humble distance in the lowly vale of life; to receive the benefit of your propitious instructions, of your fostering example, and of your soothing consolations, till I wipe away the stains of my youth, and recover long lost tranquillity, is now my utmost ambition. That serenity which is the constant portion of innocence and virtue, can no more be the lot of Amelia; yet the morning of her life was as gay, and her prospects

as flattering, as those of the noblest daughters of the land.

“ Look on me, ye thoughtless fair ones, who was once bright as the orient sun, pure as the floweret that blows in the sequestered vale, and chearful as the songsters in the grove—look on her, and learn to be wise !”

Here Amelia paused ; and Henry, whose attention had been too strongly arrested by her words, to permit him to observe her posture, now raised her from the floor. No sentiment but pity triumphed in our breasts ; and our forgiveness was accompanied with all those soothing expressions which the most delicate compassion could devise. We entreated her to compose her agitated spirits, and proposed afterwards to hear the whole of her affecting story. But, alas ! she had told us too much already, not to endanger our future peace. For while we were forming a thousand little plans for her accommodation, and proposing many expedients to reinstate her in her former walk of life, we perceived a sudden change in Maria’s complexion.

The black gulph of destruction, which Amelia had displayed, as yawning to receive her beloved Henry, and the miraculous escape which he had made, operated so powerfully on my daughter’s imagination, that she fainted a second time. From this Amelia soon recovered her, but she had scarcely opened her eyes, when another relapse succeeded, and another, each of longer duration than the former, and attended with still more distressing circumstances. At length, by the aid of powerful restoratives, which, for some time, were incessantly applied, she was again brought to life, but in such an alarming situation, as excluded every ray of hope. What with the violent irritation of her nerves, the general discomposed state of her frame,

and the languid condition of her mind, she awoke in a strong nervous fever; which, in a few hours, was attended with delirium, and every death-like symptom.

In vain did Henry and Amelia use every effort to counteract the effects of the distemper. Prayers and tears were poured forth, but they were unavailing. Unremitted attention, and the aid of medicine we employed, but they proved ineffectual; for nought could procure even a temporary relief, or mitigate for one short hour the fury of the raging disease.

On this occasion, poor Amelia, indeed, well atoned for her past failings; and gave signal proofs of her sincere repentance. Neither day nor night did she leave Maria's bedside; but, with more than maternal care, watched over her, till fatigue and sorrow had exhausted both the vigour of her body and the powers of her mind.

As for Henry, he was incapable of any other thought but Maria—but let us not mock his woe by a faint description.

In this hopeless state she continued for several days; sometimes calling upon the name of her beloved father, sometimes of her dear Henry, and imploring heaven to rescue them from danger; for both ideas seemed alternately to agitate her breast. Often would she incoherently, and in a muttering accent, recount the happy scenes of her former days; then breaking short, as if we had been already dead, in a wild, but exquisitely plaintive tone, would she lament our unhappy fate.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN EXCURSION

THROUGH THE COUNTY OF KENT,

Made at different times, but concluded in the month of July, 1801,
in Three Letters to a Pupil.

By JOHN EVANS, A. M.

MASTER OF A SEMINARY FOR A LIMITED NUMBER
OF PUPILS, PULLIN'S-ROW, ISLINGTON.

—————O famous Kent!
What county hath this Isle that can compare with
thee!

That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish,
Nor any thing doth want that any where is good.

DRAYTON.

—————
Letter 3d.
—————

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING in my last letter conducted you into the ancient town of Dover—an account of this place now calls for our attention. Its situation, extent, and history, offer many particulars to the inquisitive mind. We cannot fail of being gratified by enquiries relative to a spot frequently mentioned in the annals of our country.

DOVER, at the distance of 72 miles from London, is placed in a romantic situation. Entering it from Canterbury you pass through a valley of some length, in which stands the pleasant village of Buckland. The hills, on each side, have an interesting aspect—and being market-day, I met the good country folks jogging along this sequestered dale, encircled by the fruits of their industry. The entrance into the town has an antique appearance. The castle, on the left, frowns from on high, and the opposite hill boldly facing the ocean, has the town stretched at its base, in a

envied security. Thus circumstanced, my emotions were of a singular kind. Nor was my love of novelty the less gratified by the recollection that I was now approaching one of the principal extremities of the Island of Great Britain.

The town is about a mile in length, is large, but scattered, containing 9,000 inhabitants. Snargate-street is so confined by hills that it has a terrific appearance; but length of ages has shewn that the inhabitants are in perfect safety. Dover has a market on Wednesday and Saturday, together with a fair in November, which lasts three market-days. The town has the privilege of trying all offences committed within its liberties and jurisdiction. St. Mary the Virgin, and St. James the Apostle, are the two parishes—the former being by far of the greatest extent. The church of St. Mary is a handsome structure, consisting of three aisles, and enriched with monuments. The organ is reckoned a capital instrument; and in the tower is a good peal of eight bells. The Rev. John Lyon is the present incumbent, to whose ingenious account of Dover, this narrative stands much indebted. The Rev. Wm. Tournay, the incumbent of St. James's, is also a gentleman of learning and piety.

It is remarkable, that the election both of Mayor and of the two Members of Parliament is held in St. Mary's church, to the violation of all decency. Surely this acknowledged impropriety ought to find a speedy remedy. There were formerly more churches in Dover, the remains of one, indeed, at this day, constitute a dwelling-house inhabited by Mr. William Ashdown, who has, with a very commendable zeal, published several pieces for the elucidation of the Holy Scriptures. The Dissenters in this town are numerous and respectable. The places of worship belonging to the General Baptists and the Calvinists, stand quite near each

other; but difference of opinion, among persons who worship so close together, is not suffered to interrupt the harmony of their devotions. *To love one another*, is the first and purest precept of christianity. The General Baptist Society had for its pastor, about a century ago, the famous *Mr. Samuel Taverner*, who had been governor of Deal castle. But relinquishing the pursuits of worldly honours, he boldly avowed the profession of his religion; suffered nobly for conscience sake, and to the last discharged the duties of the ministerial office with admirable fidelity. May its present worthy pastor (my friend of Barson), continue to make him the model of his imitation!

The pier and harbour of Dover are capacious, and have, at different times, proved very expensive. Ships of four or five hundred tons may enter with safety. The advantages of the harbour have been frequently felt by vessels in distress passing through the channel. The Dover seamen deserve high praise for their humanity on these melancholy occasions. Of the public buildings in Dover, the following require mention — the *Victualling-office* was anciently the hospital of the Maison Dieu. It is the only place of the kind between Portsmouth and Sheerness; hence all ships belonging to the navy, and lying in the Downs, receive their provisions. The *Town-Hall* stands in the market-place; where the concerns of the town are usually transacted; here are some good portraits, together with a fine print, representing the embarkation of King Henry the Eighth at Dover, May 31, 1520, preparatory to his interview with Francis the First, of famous memory. The *Theatre*, in Snargate-street, answers also the purpose of assembly-rooms. The *Apollo*, and the *Albion Libraries*, both contain an ample collection of books, and the London papers are taken in for the use of subscribers.

The *Castle of Dover*, supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, but most probably raised by the Romans at a subsequent period, merits particular attention. It has a most venerable appearance, and seated on the summit of a lofty cliff, looks down with more than an ordinary grandeur upon the surrounding country. A great part of a morning, accompanied by some obliging friends, passed away in its examination. Ascending the side of a steep hill, we enter the *Castle* through a lofty gateway, where a person in waiting conducts strangers to every object worthy of attention. But as it takes up near thirty-five acres of ground, I shall only touch on those objects which are most interesting to the traveller. Passing several buildings, appropriated to a variety of purposes, we reach an open lawn, where we meet with the brass cannon, peculiarly wrought, twenty-four feet long, called Queen Elizabeth's *pocket pistol*! It was a present from the States of Holland to that queen—will carry a twelve pounder seven miles—and has upon it this inscription, in old Dutch—

O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name of mound and wall!

The principal part of the fortifications consists in a large circular work, where stands the old church, supposed to have been built by Lucius, the first christian king of the Britons. In its original state it must have been a noble structure; for even in its present dilapidated condition, there are evident vestiges of its ancient sublimity. It is impossible to contemplate such a heap of stately ruins, without mourning over the decay to which all human magnificence is destined. Large portions have at different times fallen to the ground: thus

———The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison, hears

Aghast the voice of TIME, disparting towers
Tumbling, all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around loud thundering to the moon!

DYER.

Close to the remains of the church we perceived a burying-ground for soldiers who die in the castle; some of the inscriptions tell us, in homely phrase, that the individual lying beneath was faithful in the service of his country.

Proceeding along the ramparts, we beheld the vast improvements which have been introduced here of late—but on which immense sums of money must have been expended. The rock, on which the castle is built, has been perforated in various directions—and in these subterranean caverns are a great number of soldiers—who do not seem much pleased with their habitations. Passing through these dreary excavations, we at last, all at once, came to a kind of gallery, cut in the side of the cliff, where we looked down on the ocean with tremendous sensations! Pursuing our route around the castle, cannons, mortars, and other horrible instruments of destruction met the eye and impressed the heart! We at last came round to the spot whence we first set out, wearied by the circuitous journey. The square building in the center reminded me of the White Tower in the Tower of London—the well near the entrance is of an immense depth, the water being drawn up by horses; and over the gateway by which we entered, are elegant apartments for the Warden of the Cinque Ports, when he chuses to visit them. Here we were shewn the venerable old keys which are put into the Lord Warden's hand, upon his initiation into the office. Nor must we forget to mention the brass horn, with which they say the men were called to work when the castle was first erected! The rooms are decorated with portraits, charts, and arms,

fancifully arranged. The prospect of the town of Dover, and of the adjacent country, from the windows, is delightful. The sea appears to great advantage, and the constant passing of the vessels contribute in no small degree to heighten the scenery. The castle contains a prison for debtors, having only two rooms: no allowance is made them for subsistence; they are subjected also to other hardships, which ought to be removed, for the honour of humanity.

Before we quit this celebrated spot, it may be proper to remark, that it was hence M. Blanchard, a Frenchman, and Dr. Jeffreys, an American, were launched, suspended to a balloon, January 7, 1785, and reached the coast of France in little more than two hours, travelling at the rate of fifteen miles per hour! Being about half way over, they descended rapidly near the surface of the water, to the terror of the spectators; when all at once they were elevated by the casting out of ballast, and borne aloft, they soon alighted near Calais, amidst the acclamations of their countrymen! Balloons were first suggested by the ascent of smoke and clouds in the atmosphere. The invention is certainly ingenious, and many surprising feats have been performed by them. But great dangers are incurred, and it is justly questioned whether they can be converted to purposes of real utility.

Leaving the castle, we descended into Dover, where the Beach caught my attention; the wooden houses, raised for the convenience of bathers, are pleasantly situated. In the neat one belonging to Mr. Iggulsdon, I frequently lounged; admiring the majestic ocean in its interesting variety—

———With easy course

The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on the smooth seas,
When ev'ry zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;

The downy feather on the cordage hung
Moves not—the flat sea shines like yellow gold
Fus'd in the fire, or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide!

ANON.

Upon this beach King Charles the Second landed on the 26th May, 1660, about one o'clock in the afternoon, attended by many of the nobility and gentry. He was conducted by the mayor to a canopy raised near the sea-side, and there presented with a *large Bible*, having gold clasps, by Mr. John Reading, a minister, who made a suitable address on the occasion. We are not made acquainted with his Majesty's reply—but the manners of Charles, after his restoration, did not accord with the pure precepts of christianity.

Higher upon the beach, and under the cliff, we were amused by contemplating the romantic cottage belonging to the *Father of Sir Sydney Smith*, and situated close to the resounding waves of the ocean! The cottage has a singular appearance—having apparently for its roof the inverted hulk of a vessel! Passing by it, the venerable old gentleman politely permitted us to inspect a part of it, appropriated to the use of his son—he seemed justly proud of the *Hero of Acre*, and his parental feelings must feel a high gratification from his recent return to his native country.

Near the Pier stands the Ship Inn, where the celebrated *Samuel Foote*, the *Comedian*, breathed his last, Oct. 21, 1777; his corpse was carried back to the metropolis for interment. He had been ill for a considerable time past, and was now on his way to France for recovery. He was an extraordinary character—and was usually denominated the English Aristophanes. His comic powers, in private as well as in public, almost exceed credibility. The following anecdote, told of him by Mr. Bos-

well, in his *Life of Johnson*, shews the truth of the assertion:—"The first time," says Dr. Johnson, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in the chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir—he was irresistible!" Other anecdotes might have been introduced of a similar kind; but those who knew him, declare that wonderful were his powers of imitation. He published twenty different dramas—they are marked by strong lineaments of humour and vivacity.

Nor must I forget to mention, my young friend, that I visited the spot which contains the remains of the poet *Churchill*—he had been to visit his beloved friend, John Wilkes, Esq. at Bolougne, and died there Nov. 5, 1764. It is supposed, that having made too free with the French wines, his intemperance hastened his dissolution. He was brought over and buried in an old churchyard belonging to the town of Dover, where a small head stone is seen, with this laconic inscription:—

Life to the last enjoyed,
Here CHURCHILL lies!

CANDIDATE.

In St. Mary's church, however, a small tablet has been placed to his memory, by his friend, Mr. Underwood, with these lines, which I copied on the spot—

"In memory of that celebrated poet Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL, who died at Bologne, in France, aged 32 years, and was buried in this town November, 1764.

" The rich and great no sooner gone,
 But, lo! a monumental stone,
 Inscribed with panegyric lays,
 Such fulsome undeserv'd praise!
 The living blush—the conscious dead
 Themselves appall'd, that truth is fled!
 And can it be, that worth like thine,
 Thou great high-priest of all the nine!
 Should moulder—undistinguish'd sleep?
 At very thought the muses weep;
 Forbid it gratitude and love!
 O, for a flow like *his* to prove
 How much regretted—honest bard!
 Accept this shadow of regard!

" Thomas Underwood, the Impartialist, erected
 June, 1769."

The works of Churchill are collected in two volumes—they display a lofty independence of mind, under the inspiration of genuine poetry. In one of his pieces, acknowledging his former irregularities, and declaiming against the arbitrary measures of the court, he bursts forth in these indignant lines—

Enough of this—let private sorrows rest;
 As to the public I dare stand the test—
 Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
 The good of ENGLAND, and my country's love;
 Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice
 Unerring guide, directed in my choice.
 Not all the tyrant powers of earth combin'd,
 No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind;
 What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
 Men, who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
 For freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
 To spread destruction o'er my native land!
 What! shall I not e'en to my latest breath,
 In the full face of danger, and of death,

Exert that little strength which nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave!

But whilst we pay this tribute of respect to the talents of the poet; the moral character of the man meets not with our approbation. To use the words of the late amiable Dr. Kippis, speaking of Churchill — “He has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already two numerous in the literary history, of those men of genius, who would have arisen to a much greater excellence in writing, and to a far more illustrious reputation, had their intellectual talents been accompanied with the uniform practice of virtue!” It may not be improper to add, that Churchill was originally a clergyman; but, upon the success of his poetry, he flung aside the gown, and plunged into dissipation. Such characters are entitled to our commiseration. They hold out to youth this awful lesson, that the most brilliant talents are of little avail, either to our peace or to our reputation, without the essential requisites of virtue and piety!

I shall close this sketch of Dover with just mentioning, that two kind friends accompanied me one morning before breakfast, up to *Shakespeare's Cliff* — the ascent was steep, but the prospect on every side, from this famous eminence, was charming beyond description. To the right, the coast stretched itself along by Hythe towards Sussex; to the left appeared the town of Dover, with its tremendous castle; whilst before you lay the expanded ocean, with many a stately vessel gliding along hither and thither, reminding the spectator of the blessings of navigation! But the height of the cliff above the sea is truly terrific — and looking over the precipice, my friend caught me by the coat, through mere apprehension of the danger which might be incurred in so perilous a situation. Well did the immortal Shakespeare exclaim —

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confin'd deep—
How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and coughs that wing the midway air,
Seem scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock: her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

In descending the hill, we perceived a *Flag of Truce* arrive from Calais; we got down to the shore just time enough to see the captain and mate land; the latter threw the dispatches, contained in a white leathern bag, carelessly over his shoulders, and immediately deposited his burden at the custom house, whence it is conveyed to London without delay. It is a curious reflection, that these persons, carrying the communications from either the English or French government, know nothing of their contents, on which have lately depended the peace and happiness of the world!

In times of PEACE, the passing and repassing of individuals in such numbers, to and from the continent, forms a matter of astonishment. The distance from Dover to Calais is only 21 miles; the vessels employed before the last war were thirty, exclusive of the packets; fitted up elegantly, for the accommodation of passengers. In a fair day, when the atmosphere is clear, the coast of France may be seen very distinctly—from some of the eminences, even the town of Calais may be discerned,

together with the highly cultivated spots of the adjacent country! It is supposed, by some antiquaries, that Great Britain was at this part once united to the continent of Europe, but has been torn from it by some violent convulsion. History, indeed, is silent on the subject. But the similarity and nearness of the opposite shores may be urged to support the hypothesis with some degree of plausibility. Be this as it may, it ought to be the wish of every real patriot—

—That these contending kingdoms,
England and France, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May lose their hatred!

SHAKESPEARE.

It must gratify every benevolent mind, to find that the PEACE just commenced, may prove a lasting happiness to both countries. WAR is the bane and destruction of every community.

You'll pardon me, my young friend, for detaining you so long with a description of DOVER and its vicinity. The survey of so romantic a spot was, to me, highly gratifying—it deeply interested my curiosity.

With regret I now bade adieu to my kind friends at this place, particularly to the worthy family at whose house I was entertained—their character has been long marked by a generous hospitality.

Passing through *Folkstone*, an inconsiderable town on the sea coast, whose inhabitants are chiefly occupied by their fishery, we reach *Hythe*, another Cinque Port, entitled to attention. The town stands on a sloping ascent; and the church, a fine structure, is most delightfully situated. The corporation consists of a mayor, twelve jurats, and twenty-four common council men. There are two good inns. Where the old town of Hythe is supposed to have stood, are parallel streets, the houses

of which are pleasant—the principal one has been the seat of the family of the *Dedes* for several generations.

The most remarkable thing in Hythe may be reckoned *the collection of human bones* heaped up under the middle chancel of the church. The pile is twenty feet in length and eight feet in height and breadth! They are supposed, with great probability, to be the remains of the Britons slain in a bloody battle fought about the year 456 near this place with the Saxons. Their whiteness arises from their having been bleached, by laying for a considerable time on the sea-shore! Several skulls are deeply cut—probably by the heavy weapon of the enemy. Alas! for human nature, that it should ever have been stained by such deeds of ferocity:—But

—What is this world?

What but a spacious burial field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils—the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!

BLAIR.

Before I quit the sea coast, it may be proper, my young friend, to say a few words on the *Cinque Ports*. The *five* havens of *Hastings*, *Sandwich*, *Dover*, *Romney*, and *Hythe*, lying contiguous to France were thus denominated, on account of the superior importance of their situation. Their inhabitants being always on the watch to prevent invasions, were rewarded by the bestowment of certain privileges, and had granted to them a peculiar form of government. Except *Dover*, these havens are much degenerated—but, in ancient times, the *Cinque Ports* possessed great celebrity. Almost the whole of the sea coast from the north side of *Thanet* to *Hastings* is within their jurisdiction.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Cabinet of Birth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

JESTS OF HIEROCLES.

THE PEDANTS.

A PEDANT having been almost drowned in an attempt to swim, made an oath that he would never enter the water again till he was a complete master of the art.

..@..

Another meeting, after a long absence, with an acquaintance, told him that he was surprised to see him, for he had heard that he was dead. "But," says the other, "*you find the report false.*" "'Tis hard to determine," he replies, "*for the man that told me, was one whose word I would sooner take than your's.*"

..@..

Another having heard that a crow would live two hundred years, procured a young one to try!

..@..

Another meeting with a man that had just buried a twin brother, enquired of him, whether it was he or his brother that was lately buried.

..@..

Another stood before a looking glass with his eyes shut, to see how handsome he was when he was asleep.

..@..

Another walking in his ground till he was very thirsty, enquired for water, and being told that he had good water in his own well, which his ancestors

used to drink, he went therefore to it, and looking down—" *The water,*" says he, "*may be good, but my ancestors must have had very long necks if they were able to get at it.*"



THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED.

A countryman was lately stopped by a revenue-officer at Bursledon, where he took from him two casks of spirits, which he suspected had been smuggled. After the officer had carried the liquor from Bursledon to Tichfield, a distance of three miles, the man suddenly stopped at a house, saying, "It is to be left there." The officer replied, "No; as I have seized it, it must go to the excise office," and immediately proceeded with the cask. "Not so fast, master," replied the countryman, "I have a little bit of *paper* here, which, if you will take the time and trouble of reading, you will find it is to be left at *this house*." The officer having read the paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a *permit*; why did you not show it me before?" "Because," said he, "if I had, you would not have been so kind as to have *carried* the liquor *so far* for me."



QUIN.

This famous epicure had been dining with a rich man, who was sparing with his wine. After they had drank one bottle, his host expressed his concern to Quin that he could offer him no more, for that he had lost the key of his wine cellar.—"But come," says he to his guest, "and I will shew you, while the coffee is getting ready, some natural curiosities; and among the rest an ostrich—do you know, sir, this bird (going up to him) has one very remarkable property."—"What's

that?" said Quin. "Why, sir, he *swallows iron*." "Does he?" replied Quin, "then very likely he has swallowed the *key of your wine cellar*."

A gentleman, on hiring a servant from the country, in the capacity of valet, asked him whether he should be able to undertake the situation for which he intended him? "O yes," replied the countryman, "to be sure I may be a little awkwardish at first, as a body may say, but I thinks as how I shall very soon be able to *shoot your honour mortally*!"

A NEW WAY OF ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

A *stationer*, in the county of Westmorland, lately declared to his customers, that, "owing to the *doubled duty upon paper*, he must be under the necessity of advancing the price of his *slates*!" He, probably, suspected that some of the accustomed business of the *pen* was in danger of being transferred to the *pencil*.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c.

To Enigmatical List of living Poets.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Pye. | 10. Darwin. |
| 2. Southey. | 11. Gisborne. |
| 3. Cumberland. | 12. Dyer. |
| 4. Cottle. | 13. Hurdis. |
| 5. Booker. | 14. Bidlake. |
| 6. Hayley. | 15. Roscoe. |
| 7. Bowles. | 16. Maurice. |
| 8. Bloomfield. | 17. Case. |
| 9. Wollcott. | |

2. The Letter I.

CHARADES.

1. Tobacco-pipe. | 2. Fortune. | 3. Larkspur.

REBUSSES.

1. Marigold. | 2. Doat.—Toad.

ENIGMAS, &c. FOR SOLUTION.

Enigmatical List of Living Poets

1.

Three-fifths of a rascal, and three-fourths of a Scottish language.

2.

One of the cardinal points, omitting a letter; a vowel, and another word for near.

3.

A field sport.

4.

A military arrangement, and what is used in churches.

*Enigmatical List of Deceased Poets.*

1.

A quiver, a lance, and a vowel.

2.

Three-fourths of a machine for grinding, and twenty hundred weight.

3.

A person highly venerated by catholics.

4.

The contrary of humid, and the habitation of wild beasts.

5.

Four-sixths of a christian name, and a male offspring.

6.

What we all at one time are.

7.

A vowel, an old word for a view, and the edge
of any thing.

8.

Equal, and the sound of a bell, striking out the
two superfluous letters.

9.

A valuable metal, and a useful mechanic.

10.

A compound colour, changing a letter.

11.

Another word volatile.

12.

To increase, a vowel, and a male child.

13.

An English bird of the Martin kind.

14.

One whose office it is to take care of wine.

15.

A bird like an hawk, and two fifths of a fault.

16.

A quadruped, and three-fifths of danger.

17.

Three-fourths of what Roman Catholics pray
with, a consonant, and a bond.



REBUS.

1.

Transpose what husbandmen all do,
When Ceres spreads her bounties;
A well-known fruit you have in view,
In orchards often found.

QUERIES.

1.

Why is a schoolboy, who has but just begun to
read, like knowledge itself?

2.

What weapon is that, which names a good fish?
'Twill strike you down flat, or make a good dish.



3.

What is the difference between a soldier and a
woodman?



4.

Why should fine ladies squeezing wet linen, re-
mind us of going to church?

*Is the PHILOSOPHER or CITIZEN of most use to
Society?*

'Twas from PHILOSOPHY man learn'd to tame
The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo! from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Passion and plague, and yelling rage are fled;
The waters bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale;
And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms invite the fluttering
gale!

BEATTIE.

THE PHILOSOPHER and CITIZEN, in all ages,
have been considered, by the unreflecting, as
two persons perfectly unconnected, bound by no
congenial motives, uninfluenced by the same de-
sires; and through the pride of learning, or the
prejudice of ignorance, hostile to each other's ad-
vancement.

Sometimes, indeed, the Philosopher has been
viewed by the vulgar as a being of a superior nature;
and divine honours have been paid him; whilst the
Citizen has been considered as little better than the

animals that browse upon the mountain, or grovel in the dirt. Each, like the vibrations of the pendulum, goes to the extreme. The Philosopher and the Citizen should be united in the firmest bonds of amity, neither of them can arrive at just celebrity, unless a good understanding prevails.

Philosophy may be compared to the mind, the Citizen to the body—without the direction of the mind, the corporeal part would be of small estimation. Inferior in instinct to brutes, how should we, unaided by reason and philosophy, be enabled to procure the necessaries of life? Survey the savage tribes of Africa, and we behold wretchedness, want, and famine. Subsistence is precarious; and if the chase be unpropitious, their wives and children often feel the anguish of severe hunger; and sometimes hordes of these poor wanderers perish in the arid desert!—Had divine philosophy diffused her rays over these benighted regions, agriculture would have been adopted, and by cultivating some spots of these dreary regions, want might, perhaps, be for ever banished. But where philosophy has lent her aid, how sweet the contrast! the earth is no where barren, flowers and grain each field adorn, in every part nature is assisted.—Canals are formed where rivers are denied; and minerals lurking in their gloomy retreats, are discovered for the use of mankind. Can the Citizen's activity, unassisted by philosophy, extract the dross—purify the metal, and form it into implements of husbandry and art? No.—Philosophy in her cell, night after night, with deep reflection, profound learning, acute perception, and prompt application, first discovers to what purposes they may be applied. Agriculture, domestic affairs, mechanism, all are improved by the lessons and discoveries of the Philosopher.—Would the peasant ever have discovered that salt assists vegetation, and that without a constant supply

of manure, the best land in a few years would produce but little? In vain would he plough his land, and sow his seed—the astonished farmer would lament, and wonder that his crop was so unproductive. Philosophy saw his disappointment with compassion—she lends her aid—she dictates—he obeys—his fields again smile with plenty, and reward his toils.

In every part of this metropolis each house is supplied without toil, with one of the most important necessities of life. Does the mere activity of the Citizen yield us this convenience? no; it was the Philosopher, who contrived the mechanism which produces such surprising effects. Could the united efforts of a vast number of citizens place in the lofty warehouses of the merchant those ponderous bales, which commerce brings from every part of the globe? No. To the philosopher we are indebted for that simple piece of mechanism the *crane*. What innumerable advantages to society result also from the invention of the lever!—what astonishing force and power it possesses! To the Philosopher also are we to ascribe praise, for every thing that ornaments and renders estimable the human character. The divine art of printing has conferred distinguished blessings on mankind; by this discovery every nation, in a small space of time, can receive the productions of genius and of learning, from distant regions.

Our navigators are under the greatest obligations to philosophy, from her important discoveries. A voyage to the utmost bounds of the universe is now materially shortened; by her directions, realms that have been unknown for centuries have been descryed and visited; commerce has been extended, and barbarism almost divested of its native ferocity.

The Citizen's activity is not incited by any ge-

nerous motives; the acquisition of riches, and the attainment of honours, are the ruling passions of his soul. He manufactures many ingenious and useful implements of trade, and articles of traffic—he supplies, by his activity, the markets for our subsistence—he weaves the cloth for our apparel—and builds the habitation that defends us from the cold and the tempest. But philosophy invented the loom, and taught the just proportions necessary for erecting a building. Caves and hollow trees were the dwellings of our rude forefathers, until philosophy dispersed the gloom of ignorance, and illumined the world! To her we are indebted for our widely-extended commerce; the prowess of our navy: and our consequence among the belligerent nations; to her we owe our splendor and our power!

No nation can arrive at grandeur and importance unless aided by philosophy; and to shew, perhaps more clearly, the superiority of the Philosopher to the Citizen, let us suppose that philosophy has withdrawn her assistance from the Citizen. For a time, perhaps, he would not perceive his loss; but it is an obvious truth, that when we cease to improve, we soon lose the energies of our minds, which often terminate in insanity or folly. The human mind must, to keep it in healthful vigour, be ever making some accessions to its general stock of knowledge; it necessarily loses a considerable share of its juvenile acquisitions, and, unless supplied by application, it must inevitably sink into nothingness and puerility.

States and empires, after they have attained the summit of grandeur and renown, generally decline, and become an easy conquest to the more powerful; and why is this? because luxury and corruption disregard the precepts and suggestions of philosophy. Whilst we feel a thirst for knowledge; a

desire to be distinguished for ingenuity and arts; a patriotic wish to assist by our efforts the trade and prosperity of our country, we continue to improve, and are of service to mankind.

Activity, however, must be directed. Philosophy to a citizen, is like a pilot to a vessel; it must be steered with skill and judgment, or it cannot perform with expedition and safety the object of its voyage. The citizen may work and toil, and, by chance, make improvement upon some of his productions, but he has no scale to work by—no skill in the powers of mechanism to guide him. The artist, taught by philosophy, hath arithmetical certainty to assist him in his labours: he knows that a given power will produce a certain effect; he makes improvement upon improvement, whilst the untutored citizen is left to blind chance in his occupation: he cannot perform his work so ingeniously, or so expeditiously, as the other; consequently, foreign markets can be supplied with every article of manufacture much under the price by those whom philosophy assists. The inventions of Archimedes, at the siege of Syracuse, destroyed more Romans, and were infinitely more formidable than the besieger's valour.

If mountains are to be levelled, what immense labour and time would be requisite for the more active citizen to accomplish such an arduous task: the philosopher can perform it with facility. Are rivers too shallow for our craft to bring the produce of our inland counties to the metropolis? the philosopher meditates and remedies this disadvantage. Nature, in short, is improved by his discoveries, and by his exertions all difficulties vanish!

The citizen's activity, united with the philosopher's discoveries, is productive of mutual advantage, but the chief merit is due to the philosopher,

who imparts his knowledge, which, like the sun, diffuses light, pleasure, and benefit to ALL mankind.

Fort Street, Nov. 16, 1801.

J. S.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. XI.

THE SHEEP.

THE common sheep, with its varieties, dispersed through different countries, is the most respectable species belonging to this genus. Perhaps none of all the domestic animals is so beneficial to mankind as the sheep. Others may excel it in strength, ingenuity, and dignity of character: but, were we to be deprived of the services of any of our humble friends among the inferior animals, we should probably find, that the sheep could be less easily spared than any other.

From British naturalists, who have written in their native language, this animal has never received any other name than that by which it is commonly known. The French name is *la Brebis*; the Latin name *Ovis*; Linnæus uses the names *Ovis Aries*.

The size, shape, and fleecy covering of the common sheep are well known. When its head is adorned with horns, they are most frequently twisted outwards, in a spiral form. In the ram, horns are, by many, regarded as a mark of superior strength and vigour. That ram is esteemed the best shaped, who has a thick head, a broad front, large black eyes, a broad nose, a long, high body, a large crupper and large reins, massy testicles, and a long tail. His colour should be white; his fleece full and heavy. Those ewes are preferred which have thick necks, large, soft, and silky

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fleece, large bodies, and a nimble motion in walking.

The sheep is not among the most sagacious of the lower animals. This species neither display the same natural dexterity and address, nor the same docility as the dog, the horse, and some other of the tame animals, whose mental powers are considered as the most remarkable. Yet, they are not absolutely stupid, as they have sometimes been represented. They are social: the flock follow a ram as their leader; the leader often displays the most impetuous courage in defence of his followers, dogs, and even men, when attempting to molest a flock of sheep, have often suffered from the sagacious and generous valour of the rams. The mutual affection, at least, between the female parent and her progeny, is here sufficiently tender, and well adapted to its purposes. The ewe suckles her lamb with fondness; and, though her timidity, weakness, and want of formidable instruments of attack and defence, render her unable to make any powerful opposition to those who seek to deprive her of it, yet she bleats after it, and for some time laments its loss with the tenderest complaints. A lamb separated, when young, from other sheep, fed with milk from the hand, and treated with tenderness and familiarity, displays considerable docility, and often forms a strong attachment to its benefactors. Admitted to this intimacy with mankind, it is apt to be guilty of little, vicious tricks; but its mildness, and general inoffensiveness of manners, recommend it so strongly to human affection and regard, that it is usually a particular favourite of infancy and youth. Another instance, if not of the amiable qualities, at least of the sagacity of the sheep, is the dexterity with which it often eludes the vigilance of the shepherd, when

it wishes to steal some delicacy of food agreeable to its palate.

It is observable of this species, that they drink very little. The juice of the vegetables which they eat, and the dew and rain with which the grass is often moistened, supply almost all the moisture that they need.

Sheep, like other animals, are liable to various diseases. Water often gathers in their head, and produces a disorder which soon proves fatal: the feet of whole flocks are often affected with a sort of mortification, which makes them halt when they walk, and renders them almost unable to run: at other times, the young especially are liable to suffer a speedy death from the effects of noxious air evolved from their food in the stomach. The dropsy, phthisic, jaundice, and worms in the liver, are also annually destructive to considerable numbers of sheep. Several sorts of insects infect this animal. A certain *æstrus* or *gadfly* is very troublesome, by depositing its egg above the nose, in the frontal sinuses: a tick and a louse likewise feed on the sheep, of which it is sometimes relieved by the undistinguishing appetite of the magpye and the starling. The ordinary term of the life of those sheep, which escape disease and violence, is twelve or thirteen years.

The benefits which mankind owe to this animal are very numerous. Its horns, its fleece, its flesh, its tallow, even its bowels, are all articles of great utility to human life.

The horns are manufactured into spoons, and many other useful articles.

The manufacture of the wool into cloths, has long formed the principal source of the riches of England. We know not, indeed, whether the simple Britons and the rude Saxons were acquainted with the important uses of wool; it is more

probable that they were not. But Henry the Second paid so much attention to the manufacture and improvement of this commodity, as to forbid the use of any other but English wool in the making of cloth. Yet, the excellence of English wool was long known before the English paid much attention to the art of making woollen cloth, or attained any superior skill in it. Wool was then a staple article for exportation; and the Flemings were their merchants. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, several favourable circumstances, which the talents and the patriotic spirit of that princess enabled her to take advantage of, concurred to establish the woollen manufactory in England, in that thriving state in which it has since continued. In Scotland, we have never attained great excellence in this manufacture. Yet, the bonnets, which, though now very much out of use, were in former times very generally used as a covering for the head, and the stockings of such superior fineness, for which the isles of Shetland and the city of Aberdeen are still celebrated, are articles which shew that the inhabitants of Scotland are not less capable of ingenuity in this way than their neighbours of England. The Spanish wool has been much celebrated; and it is not very long since broad cloth bearing the name of Spanish was prized above the English. But, the wool produced in Britain has been, by various arts, so much improved, as to be now not inferior in excellence to that of Spain; and no woollen cloth is at present esteemed superior to that of English manufacture. The sheep with the finest fleeces in England are fed on the Coteswold Downs, and in Herefordshire, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, Suffolk, and Yorkshire. The wool of Wales is coarse; nor is that of Scotland, except in some instances, remarkable for fineness. The wool of the small sheep in the High-

lands, and the isles of Scotland, is superior to the finest Spanish or English wool.

The skin of this animal is prepared into leather for an inferior sort of shoes, for the coverings of books, and for gloves, and into parchment.

The entrails, by a proper preparation, are made into strings for various musical instruments.

The milk of the sheep is thicker than cow's milk. Its taste is rather disagreeably strong. It is, therefore, rather made into cheese than used for drinking. The cheese is rich, and of a strong taste. It would, probably, be still better, if more attention were paid to cleanliness in the preparing of it. It were, perhaps, best to leave all the milk of the ewe to her lamb.

The flesh of the sheep is perhaps our most valuable article of animal food. It is neither disagreeably coarse, nor yet so tender and delicate as not to afford strengthening nourishment. The flesh of the lamb is, in the proper season, one of the nicest delicacies that the epicure can desire.

The bones are useful for various purposes. Of these, as well of other bones calcined, are made the *cupels* used in the refining of metals.

Mr. Pennant mentions the dung as an excellent manure. But, it is not often, I believe, that sheep are fed in such numbers on arable lands, as that their dung can be collected for this purpose.

The modes of managing sheep differ in different countries, and even in the same country. The lambs are seldom separated from their mothers till they become large and vigorous. As one ram is able to impregnate a good many ewes, only a small proportion of the male lambs are permitted to retain their organs of generation un mutilated. Wethers are less vicious than rams; and their flesh has a better flavour and relish. In summer, before being shorn, sheep are commonly washed, to improve

the whiteness of the wool. Where sheep are not shorn, they change their fleeces annually; and the best time for shearing, is when the fleece is just ready to fall of itself. The time of the sheep-shearing is always a period of festivity with the shepherds. It was such, in ancient times, among the shepherds of Judea. In Scotland, and in other northern countries, sheep are usually smeared with a mixture of butter and tar about the end of autumn, to fortify and protect them against the severities of winter. It seems a necessary precaution, where the flocks cannot be sheltered in sheds, and fed with hay and other suitable food, during the inclemency of the severe season. But this mixture of tar and butter is often so injudiciously laid on, as to injure the health of the sheep, and even to render its fleece less warm than it would otherwise be. It greatly contaminates the whiteness of the wool; but if the butter be in due proportion, is, perhaps, rather favourable to its fineness. In the sheep countries of Scotland, it is often necessary to remove the flocks in winter from the hills on which they usually feed, to low lands, where they may find some herbage, and be protected from the severity of the season. Could the practice of folding sheep in sheds, and feeding them with hay, or leaves of cabbage, common green *kail*, or turnips, during the storms of winter, be conveniently adopted through Scotland, it would possibly prove highly advantageous to their proprietors. Even in the mildest winters, considerable numbers perish under the present modes of management. Crawford-muir, in Clydesdale, is one of the chief sheep countries in Scotland. The management of sheep is there well understood. Men from that part have of late attempted to teach the inhabitants of the Highlands how to manage their sheep better, and derive greater profits from them.

Even in Britain we have a good many different breeds of this animal. Linnæus distinguishes the breed peculiar to England, as destitute of horns, and having its tail and scrotum depending to the knees. This is the fine large breed for which Warwickshire, and particularly Lincolnshire, is noted. They have, in the course of the last twenty years, been introduced into Galloway and other parts of Scotland, under the denomination of *mugg* sheep. Their flesh is rather coarse, and their wool intermixed with dry hair. This is the hornless sheep of Pennant.

Our other sheep are chiefly of the common horned breed. In Wales, and through most of the sheep pastures in Scotland, they are small and hardy. In delicacy of flavour and relish, their flesh is much superior to that of the larger breed; and even their wool, where the nature of their pasture is not such as to injure it greatly, is said to be of the best quality. The common colour is white; yet we sometimes observe a black, or a dark grey fleece, and a smutted face: this is called the common sheep, as being more common than any other variety of the species, throughout all Europe. Some ancient writers speak of a breed of sheep with golden teeth, as belonging to Scotland. This appears, at first sight, incredible; but Mr. Pennant has explained the wonder, by telling us, that he saw at Athol house, in the year 1772, the jaws of an ox, containing teeth thickly incrustated with a gold-coloured pyrites. The same thing might happen to sheep.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

STILL o'er that shrine defiance rears its head,
Which rolls in silent murmurs o'er the dead,
That shrine which conquest, as it stems the flood,
Too often tinges deep with human blood ;
Still o'er the land stern devastation reigns,
Its giant mountains, and its spreading plains,
Where the dark pines, their heads all gloomy, wave,
Or rushing cataracts, loud sounding, lave
The precipice, whose brow with awful pride
Tow'rs high above, and scorns the foaming tide ;
The village sweet, the forest stretching far,
Groan undistinguish'd, 'mid the shock of war.
There, the rack'd matron sees her son expire,
There, clasps the infant son his murder'd sire,
While the sad virgin on her lover's face,
Weeps with the last farewell, the last embrace,
And the lone widow too, with frenzied cries,
Amid the common wreck, unheeded dies.
O Peace, bright Seraph, heaven lov'd maid, return !
And bid distracted nature cease to mourn ;
O, let the ensign drear of war be furl'd,
And pour thy blessings on a bleeding world ;
Then social order shall again expand,
Its sovereign good again shall bless the land,
Elate the simple villager shall see,
Contentment's inoffensive revelry ;

Then, once again shall o'er the foaming tide,
The swelling sail of commerce fearless ride,
With bounteous hand shall plenty grace our shore,
And cheerless want's complaints be known no more.
Then hear a nation's pray'r, lov'd goddess hear!
Wipe the wan cheek, deep lav'd by many a tear;
Nature, the triumph foul of horror o'er,
Shall raise her frame to scenes of blood no more.
Pale recollection shall recall her woes,
Again shall paint her agonizing throes,
These, o'er the earth thine empire firm shall raise,
Unaw'd by war's destructive storms, the bliss of future
days.

Barnard's Inn.

T. G***.

REAL LIFE.

From Pinn's Poems of Chatham.

THE waiter call'd, "Come, come," the vet'ran
said,

"My worthy lad, and light me up to bed."

"Yes, sir," the youth, with an uncommon glee,
And thus aside, "You'll not forget my fee:

"Shall I assist you, sir."—"Ay, boy, my frame
Has been hove down, since which I'm something lame;
Tho' splic'd and fish'd, messmate, you needn't fear,
But to my hammock I can steady steer."

Thus up the stairs, with true familiar chat,
Till to the bed, when down the hero sat;

"Unscrew this arm, and lay it in the chair."

"Sir," said the boy, and wond'ring, 'gan to stare;
But willing to oblige, declin'd a frown,

Turn'd twice, or thrice, and laid it safely down:

"That's right, good fellow, now this serve the same;
You know I told you I was something lame."

Surpriz'd, the youth th' unusual task performs,

And side by side disposes of his arms!

But what astonishment his bosom fills;

His vital blood in every channel chills,

When he a leg lifts up, and says, "with care
 Unscrew this lad, and lay it in the chair!"
 Trembling he takes it off, and puts it by:
 The second leg he raises with a sigh,
 "This too, my worthy soul, pack with the rest."
 The boy aghast, a thousand fears express'd!
 Old Spritsail saw the youth so much amaz'd,
 He with most solemn phiz upon him gaz'd:
 "Now Jack, to finish, just unscrew my head,
 And whilst its warm, my body put to bed!
 Scarce out the word, unable to contain,
 With horror fill'd, he bellow'd out amain,
 And cross the room, quite lost to sense he flew,
 Roll'd down the stairs, for not a step he knew!"

THE HERMIT.

TWAS in a thicket's wild retreat,
 Within a lonely dell,
 Retir'd from grandeur's busy seat,
 A hermit chose his cell,
 There, oft to watch the purling stream,
 He sat the live long hour,
 Secure from noon tide's fervid beam,
 Remote from wealth and power.
 And there, secluded from mankind,
 He pass'd his days alone;
 His were the pleasures of the mind,
 And those pleasures were his own.
 Which nought on earth could e'er bereave
 Him, in whose breast they dwelt,
 Yet oft that breast a sigh did heave,
 Long grief from love he felt.
 For he had lov'd a beauteous fair,
 Who in her turn repaid
 That love he breath'd, as pure as air,
 To so divine a maid.
 But heaven forbid the nuptial band,
 Which soon was to be tied,
 And took her soul far from that land,
 To be to bliss allied.

While he, dejected, lonely left,
Her hapless loss to mourn,
Of bliss, of happiness bereft,
'Twas too much to be borne;
But time, the soother of each woe,
Had made his soul resign'd,
He waited long his time to go,
And gave to heav'n his mind.

THE KISS.

TO HELEN.

WHY did I tempt that heavenly bliss,
Which now with anguish rends my heart;
That dear, that soft, that fatal kiss,
Did horror to each nerve impart.

So the faint wretch, with thirst oppress'd,
Does to the poison'd tree repair,
Nor dreams that it is death to taste,
The fatal fruit which hangs so fair.

But, ah! he soon in ev'ry vein,
Perceives the venom's lurking fires;
Feels that no pow'r can ease his pain,
Condemns his folly, and expires.

SELIM.

VERSES

Written on visiting Sidmouth, in Devonshire.

NOW reigns a solemn stillness o'er the deep,
No ruder blasts disturb the general peace;
Serenely smile the skies, and every wave
Dies with a gentle murmur on the shore.
Now sinks the glorious regent of the day
Behind the western cliffs, and eve resumes
Her modest sceptre. O'er the smooth expanse
The shadowy breeze is gently seen to move,
Its track distinguish'd by a darker shade.
The sea-gull flutters in the dusky air,
Whose quick tumultuous cry makes silence seem

More silent; while above the briny wave,
 The floundering dolphin shoots the pointed head,
 And calls imagination to survey
 Ocean's vast progeny; the caverns deep,
 Unfathomable immense, where lie conceal'd
 Unweildy forms, peopling the dark abyss.
 Soon from heaven's concave, looks the paler orb,
 Whose changeful rule the ebbing seas obey,
 Upon the subject tide, and softly pours
 Her trembling radiance down: on that bright track
 The eye delighted dwells, and seems to trace
 Ideal shapes in robes of purest light,
 With gentle minds inform'd, that love to glide
 O'er the calm bosom of the swelling main,
 Beneath the lunar beam.

Exeter.

J. H. B.

LINES

On the Death of the Rev. Gilbert Wakefield.

HARK! what event do those sad sounds foretell?
 Wakefield is dead, replies the tolling bell.
 Wakefield, the man whose independent soul
 No paltry bribe could temper, or controul.
 Wakefield is dead; whose energetic mind
 Rang'd through the realm of science unconfin'd;
 Left custom's path, which timid minds pursue,
 And glean'd from *truth alone what things are true*.
 View'd as a *patriot*; Wakefield bent his knee
 At thy blest shrine, immortal liberty!
 View'd as a *christian*; Wakefield dar'd to love
 That God in whom we live, and breathe, and move.
 View'd as a *husband*, Wakefield fully knew
 A husband's duties; and perform'd them too.
 View'd as a *father*; just but not severe,
 His children reverenc'd with filial fear.
 View'd as a *friend*; affectionate and true,
 He justly won the hearts of those he knew.
 View'd as a *man*; he seem'd by heav'n design'd,
 To soften, meliorate, and bless mankind.

Of those who knew him, this was the request,
 Long life to him, that they might long be blest;
 But ah! relentless death, with sudden blast,
 Wither'd those virtues, whose superior cast
 Made them unfit on earth, long time to last;
 While liberty and science shed the tear
 Departed worth deserves, on Wakefield's bier;
 While they with friendship unpolluted join,
 Unfading laurels round his tomb to twine;
 Be this our joy, our friend no more shall know
 Pangs of *oppression*, hatred, envy, woe.
 For plac'd already in a world of bliss,
 He feels that joy he ne'er could feel in this.*
 There he already lives; hereafter there
 He'll shine more glorious than the brightest star.†

Hackney, Oct. 8, 1801.

J. S.

SOLILOQUY.

Supposed to be written Three Centuries ago.

SCOUR'D by the hand of lawless pow'r,
 Eventful rolls each ling'ring hour,
 And heavier woes impend;
 No gleam of hope can I descry,
 That e'er the bands of slavery,
 Bold liberty will rend.

Plenty no longer crowns the board,
 Of humble swains; vile wretches hoard,

The produce of their fields—
 Pale wanders toil, half-starv'd and faint,
 To wealth in vain he makes complaint,
 His breast no pity yields.

Thus ruminating on my fate,
 And murmur'ing pensively I sat,
 When lo! a form sublime,
 Portray'd by fancy, 'fore me came,
 'Twas fair Britannia, august dame,
 The guardian of our clime.

* 2 Corinthians 5 ch. 8 v. 2. † Daniel 12 ch. 3 v.

"Base coward, wretch," she seem'd to say,
 "To cherish ever such dismay;
 And wrongs so tamely bear;
 Oh! how unlike my sons of yore,
 Who welter'd often in their gore,
 But never felt despair.

Proud of their freedom, they disdain'd
 To be by fell oppression chain'd,
 And loaded with disgrace—
 Nor would they at a despot's throne;
 With souls corrupt, his privilege own,
 To enslave the human race.

Wealth, pow'r, and fame, could ne'er allure—
 Nor warp their virtue, fix'd and pure,
 Content to wander free;
 With lively health, contentment sweet,
 They sought, and found the fair retreat,
 Of heav'n-born liberty.

Restrung'd by toil, their limbs were strong,
 (Unlike pale luxury's trembling throng),
 For war, or sylvan sport,
 Adapted well;—their drink the stream,
 Or draughts of rich nectarious cream
 Their palates us'd to court.

And when fatigu'd, no couch they found
 Save what the soft and verdant ground
 Did ev'ry where supply—
 No torturing consciences oppress'd,
 But sweetly they enjoyed rest,
 Beneath the ambient sky."

Enough—my spirit rises wild,
 I see how passive I have toil'd,
 And bow'd beneath the yoke;—
 Forgive, forgive, O! liberty!
 My wand'rings long, too long from thee,
 'Tis penitently spoke.

Away fell slav'ry! fly—thy reign
 No more shall hurt a free-born swain,

Thy shackles, sec, I rive,—
Freedom expands each opening thought,
I feel my breast with feeling fraught,
To charity alive.

Pleas'd let me range, delightful maid!
The woods, and vales, and sylvan shade,
With thee in cot, or bow'r—
Oh! let me live the rural life,
Far, far retir'd from worldly strife,
And dire tyrannic pow'r.

Dead to the charms of living free,
Let venal wretches bend the knee,
For wealth and honours high—
These fleeting baubles I disdain,
I'd rather be the poorest swain,
Possess'd of liberty!

Oct. 2, 1801.

I. 2

On the Death of a beloved Female Friend.

ART can no more—the foil'd physician silently
retires, And owns his baffled skill—see how the dire disease
Consumes the sinking frame, and life goes out
Like an expiring lamp; whilst anxious friends
Implore the aid of heav'n with fruitless tears.
Ye mourners, cease to weep; tho' art has fail'd,
The Great Physician of the soul fails not,
But bears his patient through—strong in his strength,
She finds the bed of death the porch of heav'n,
And triumphs o'er the grave: why should ye wish
To keep the spirit ling'ring in the flesh,
Which pants with eager joys to reach the skies,
And claim the purchas'd mansion of her lord;
For she dares claim—what hope and faith assure,
What thy' her body dies? 'tis the glad way,
By heaven appointed for the soul to pass,
(Ripen'd and fit for her immortal home)
From this unstable scene of good and ill,
To solid bliss; perpetual, and compleat!

Maidstone.

A. I.

LINES,

Written on the day of marriage by a Daughter to a beloved Mother.

FAREWELL, my mother! on the bridal day,
 The day that bears me far from thee away,
 From thy parental roof, where I have shar'd
 From infancy, thy kindness unimpair'd,
 I take this parting leave, this long adieu,
 By far the longest that I ever knew;
 The most important and the most severe
 That e'er I sounded in thy partial ear.
 Yet may I hope, when I no longer share
 Thy constant love—thy never-failing care—
 Then, may'st thou have no reason to deplore
 The day I left thy hospitable door.
 For me, may no imaginary fears
 Call forth thy sighs, or stimulate thy tears;
 For, sure, I leave thy peaceable abode,
 For one as dear, as peaceable, as good.
 I quit thy daily, thy increasing love,
 For him whose tenderness will equal prove;
 For whom I freely even thee resign;
 For whom I quit whatever once was mine:
 Scenes where I first the voice of friendship knew,
 Where, taught by thee, my young ideas grew;
 Form'd by thy judgment, and matur'd to see,
 I owe a debt of gratitude to thee.
 O say, my mother, have I e'er repay'd
 That fond affection I have seen pourtray'd?
 Did e'er my infant innocence beguile
 From thee a mother's pleasurable smile;
 Or art thou fully satisfied to prove
 The certain knowledge of a daughter's love?
 If thus I can a recompence bestow,
 How free, how largely, does this tribute flow;
 Nor shall my future scenes, if e'er so fair,
 Chace from my mem'ry thy maternal care:
 Revolving years shall serve but to renew
 Thy precepts, tender, and affection true;

Those precepts, mild, still dwell upon my ear,
And leave the purest of impressions there.
Be happy, then, my mother! nor repine,
When absent from me, as thy days decline;
Upon thy comfort will my peace depend,
Altho' united to as dear a friend.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A SONG,

In the Modern Style.

LET bards, with all the pow'rs of verse,
Replete with heav'nly fire,
Their songs, in beauty's praise, rehearse,
And strike the thrilling lyre.
The painter, too, perform his part
In patent crayons, oil, or water;
But sure they can't, with all their art,
Pourtray my lovely parson's daughter.
At church, her heav'nly form so bright,
My bosom so disarms,
I sacrifice my conscience quite,
By gazing on her charms.
To be devout, I strive, in vain,
I'm like a fish that's out of water,
Nor can I chant a single strain
But of my lovely parson's daughter.
Oft do I tell my piteous case,
Devoid of ev'ry guile;
And sing the beauties of her face,
In hopes she'll deign to smile.
Yet, spite of all, she proves unkind,
For, tho' with tears I've oft besought her,
I ne'er can catch her in the mind:
Oh! cruel! cruel parson's daughter.
Then, pry'thee, come, sweet god of love!
Invade her snowy breast,
And move thy lovely, charming dove,
To grant me peace and rest.

So shall thy sacred altars blaze,
 And, when in hymen's bands I've caught her,
 Beneath thy smiles, I'll spend my days,
 Blest with my lovely parson's daughter.

ON CHARITY.

• **W**HEN wealth, unfeeling, does bestow
 A little aid to pallid woe,
 With pity-asking eye,
 Unless he gives, and thanks his God
 That he feels not affliction's rod,
 It is not charity.

Urg'd on by pride and love of fame,
 Recorded to behold their name,
 Some will their gold apply.
 The widow, and her children, poor,
 From want, extreme, they may secure,
 But 'tis not charity.

To seek, unask'd, the shatter'd shed
 Where haggard pen'ry hides her head
 With naked progeny;
 The little ones to clothe and feed,
 And set no value on the deed,
 Is perfect charity.

The cell, with active zeal, to find
 Where genius lives, sublime of mind,
 Oppress'd by poverty:
 To snatch him from her grasping hand,
 And bid his heart, with joy, expand,
 Is genuine charity.

Too rigidly we must not scan
 The actions of too fragile man,
 Or vassal slave, or free.
 Each sect, and native of each realm,
 Should be reliev'd, when woes o'erwhelm,
 By tender charity.

Slander's deep-wounding, scorpion tongue
Neglect's cold look, "the oppressor's wrong,"
The frown of bigotry;
And e'en the threats of savage ire,
The baleful arts of malice dire,
Inflame not charity.

Come, heav'n-descended maiden! meek,
My humble cottage deign to seek,
And ever dwell with me.
Virtue and friendship shall unite:
Content to give thee, and delight;
Oh! come, sweet charity.

Fort Street.

J. S.

THE MANIAC BOY.

On addressing a woman weeping at a grove in a village church yard.

AND why thus waste your ev'ning hour
By this mishapen mossy grave?
And why thus strew the sweetest flow'rs,
And shed your tears in silent show'rs,
Where night shade and the tall weeds wave?

Beneath this sod bedew'd with tears,
And deck'd with many a flow'ret wild,
Reflection oft her altars rears,
For here a thousand hopes and fears,
Lie buried with my maniac child.

I've hous'd him from the wind and rain,
From snows that fell in winter wild,
I've cloath'd him o'er and o'er again,
And with my labour did maintain,
Him whom I lov'd, my maniac child.

What time the day star sung to rest,
He'd scent the balmy breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighb'ring mountains crest,

Or blow the village herdsman's horn,
To break the drowsy ploughman's rest.

Oft as he loiter'd by the tide,
That down the valley wildly gushes,
The flow'rs that on the surface glide,
He'd catch—with more than human pride
To deck his cap of sea green rushes.

And, when the fervid noon-ride heat,
Urg'd fainting cattle to the shade.
And village swain on verdant seat,
With half-clos'd eyes at length was laid;
He'd seek the shepherd's boy's retreat

In lanes as any meadow green,
O'ershadow'd by the drooping limes;
And there by loit'ring elves, unseen,
He'd loudly chant the village chimes,
To many sad and simple rhymes.

But he the twilight time admir'd,
For then he'd oft forsake his home,
And wait and watch, as one inspir'd,
By nettle-skirted grave or tomb,
To chase the owlet through the gloom.

One fatal, melancholy night,
I saw, O God ! with wild affright,
My William number'd with the dead,
I guess by will o'wisp misled,
He miss'd the pathway to my shed.

For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flowrets wild his clay,
For him, my vigils here I keep,
'Till summon'd home by coming day.

Literary Review.

The Thespian Dictionary; or, Dramatic Biography of the Eighteenth Century, containing Sketches of the Lives, Productions, &c. of all the principal Managers, Dramatists, Composers, Commentators, Actors, and Actresses, in the United Kingdoms, Deceased and Living, with Portraits. Hurst. 9s. 6d. in boards, or with the Plates printed in Colours 12s. 6d.

THE high reputation of the stage in the present times, renders every information respecting its history and progress desirable. We peruse with avidity particulars which serve to illustrate characters, by whose exertion the public is in possession of a large portion of entertainment. Dramatic Biography, therefore, imparts no small gratification to our curiosity.

The life of a player is proverbially chequered; tossed about from place to place, exhibiting before persons of every description, and often forming connections of the most eccentric kind, we are led to expect in *his* biography a more than ordinary share of amusement. Such were our feelings in the perusal of this volume, which we strongly recommend to the readers of our Miscellany. Within so small a compass, we are struck with the extent of its variety.

The incidents appear to have been selected with care and judgment, either from other valuable

works of the kind, or from private authentic sources of information. The language is neat, and appropriate to the subject. The observations which are every where scattered throughout the work are candid, and calculated to convey much moral instruction.

Of the *Plates* and *Typography* it would be unjust not to declare that both are excellent; there is an elegance in the former, and a neatness in the latter, which entitle them to our commendation.

We mean to insert some extracts, of a very entertaining nature, in the future numbers of our *Miscellany*.

The Picture of Petersburg. From the German of Henry Storch. With a Plan of the City of Petersburg. Longman and Rees.

WITH respect to territory, Russia embraces the largest portion of land in the old world. The northern parts of Europe and Asia are included in this vast empire; and when we contemplate them on the map, we are smitten with astonishment. The metropolis of such a country must be a just subject of enquiry, and the present work lays before us a very interesting portion of information respecting it.

Moscow was anciently the capital of Russia, then indeed called Muscovy. But the bold and enterprising genius of Peter founded the city of *Petersburgh*, at the beginning of the 18th century. The rapid improvements which this monarch introduced into the several departments of his wide extended empire, would naturally incline him to improve the metropolis; and accordingly it received, even in his time, many valuable improvements.

The present work contains a very amusing ac-

count of this great city of Petersburg. It is distributed into thirteen chapters, and is replete with information. We were surprised to find the Russians in so improved a state of cultivation. They appear to be an enterprising people, making great strides towards maturity.

The author, who seems well acquainted with his subject, takes leave of his readers in the following singular manner:

“The great objects being now exhausted, I lay aside my pencil. I have attempted to trace out the most prominent characteristic lines with impartiality and candour, leaving it to some more able painter to form the groupes and finish the composition. Even the picture, when complete, composed upon these outlines, can never be deemed a copy of an ugly original. Where light and shade are so well distributed, the painter may boldly adhere to nature, without apprehending no better return for the fidelity of his representation than that which an ill-favoured coquette is apt to bestow on her looking-glass.”

The Beauties of Wiltshire displayed, in Statistical, Historical, and Descriptive Sketches, interspersed with Anecdotes of the Arts. Vernor and Hood. 2 vols. in boards, 1l. 4s.

TOPOGRAPHY, of every kind, has for some time past engaged the public mind; and it certainly imparts a refined pleasure to become acquainted with the hills and dales of our highly favoured country. Works of this kind, therefore, are sought with avidity.

Wiltshire appears, from the work before us, to afford interesting materials for the pen of the Topographer. Not only are the towns and gentle-

men's seats noticed, but the progress of agriculture is delineated with a careful hand, and many topics brought forward, gratifying to an inquisitive mind. With the accounts of *Wilton House*, *Font Hill*, *Stour Head*, and *Salisbury Plain*, we were much entertained.

The engravings are numerous, and well executed. Taken on the spot, we presume the resemblance is striking; many of them we can pronounce to be so from personal knowledge, and therefore we have every reason to believe that the others are sketched with equal fidelity.

Mr. Britton has dedicated the first volume to the Earl of Radnor; the second to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. A third volume is in contemplation; and the author solicits communications, which will be received with due attention. We wish him success.

The Beauties of Sentiment; or, Select Extracts from the best Authors, Ancient and Modern, on a great Variety of Subjects, Divine, Moral, Literary, and Entertaining, on a plan entirely new; with Synonymous Words, and a Definition of most of the Articles; also a List of the best Books on the principal Subjects. In two Volumes. 9s. bound. Symonds.

WE cannot but commend the industry of the author of the Work before us, in having brought together so many extracts, on valuable subjects. He had, it seems, been collecting them for years, and now submits them in an arranged and compacted form, to the judgment of the public. The first volume is entirely Theological, and chiefly taken from the works of Gill, Toplady, Boston, Gurnall, Whitfield, Wesley, &c. which

cannot fail of proving acceptable to a large class of persons in the religious world. The *second* volume consists of moral and entertaining subjects; and we meet with many extracts by which we were gratified. The English have, more than any other nation, abounded in Essay writers; and here we find several of their best paragraphs concentrated. In the present times, neither time nor ability is possessed by the generality of readers, to run over expensive or voluminous publications. The two volumes, therefore, now under review, have the merit of comprising the sentiments of many great writers on a variety of subjects. The young of course, must feel themselves interested in such a collection, and may derive much improvement from its perusal. Moral sentences, and wise sayings, have been found, in all ages and nations, peculiarly serviceable to the rising generation. Such selections, read with judgment, are of unquestionable utility.

An Apology for the Sabbath. By J. P. Estlin.
Johnson. 1s. 6d.

TO individuals concerned for the welfare of virtue and piety, the observance of the Sabbath has always been deemed of great importance. But among the curious improvements of modern times, it has been discovered that no particular day should be set apart for the purposes of religious worship. They argue, that all days should be kept equally holy—this is granted in theory—but circumstanced as mankind are, one day should be devoted to religious improvement. Were there no period fixed upon for the worship of God, all worship would soon cease among the bulk of the human race, which would prove highly detrimental to society.

Mr. Estlin then, very properly and ably, insists on *one day* being set apart in every week for divine worship; and states, with energy, the benefits arising from its due observance. We are quite of this opinion, and therefore wish this apology an extensive circulation.

Miscellanies, in Verse and Prose. By Elizabeth Garrard, of Bath. Robinsons. 4s.

FROM this ingenious volume of Poems we might make many pleasing extracts; the following will gratify the reader—

“ Were mortals wishes not in vain,
And I could all I ask obtain,
It should not be a large estate,
Nor ought that men imagine great;
Nor velvet beds, nor painted domes,
Nor hangings wrought in Persian looms;
Nor diamonds from Golconda brought,
(Useless trifles dearly bought);
Nor equipage, nor gay attire,
Nor all that glitter, fools admire:
No---give me but a little cot,
Built on some pleasant healthy spot,
The inside elegantly neat,
A little library complete;
Music for those who lik'd to play,
Or found the time drag slow away;
A board with frugal plenty crown'd,
And chearful faces sitting round;
A chosen set I'd have them be,
From scandal and ill-nature free.
A garden fill'd with various flow'rs,
Shady walks, and rosy bow'rs;
Where, with a book, or favourite friend,
Sometimes a tranquil hour I'd spend.
A horse to ride, or chaise and pair,
To go to church, or take the air.

O! fortune! (if not deaf as blind),
Hear my request—at once be kind;
And grant, from thy abundant store,
Enough for this—I ask no more.

A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses with those of the Hindoos, and other Ancient Nations; with Remarks on M. Dupui's Origin of all Religions; the Laws and Institutions of Moses methodized, and an Address to the Jews on the Present State of the World, and the Prophecies relating to it. By Joseph Priestley, L. L. D. &c. 9s. boards. Johnson.

THIS indefatigable writer has here performed a very arduous task, and thus rendered an essential service to revealed religion. The superiority of the writings of Moses over the volumes of the Hindoos, is incontrovertibly shewn, and will, in every impartial mind, produce conviction. Of the many treatises this Christian Philosopher has laid before the public, we know of none more learned, more ingenious, or more impressive. He is entitled to the best thanks of every individual member of the religious community.

General Biography; or, Lives, Critical and Historical, of the most eminent Persons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions, and Professions, arranged in Alphabetical Order, composed by John Aikin, M. D. Mr. Nicholson, and others. Volume the Second. Quarto. Johnson.

THE first volume of this very valuable work, we announced to our readers on its first publication. With equal pleasure we bring forward the second, and are free to declare, that it is a most interesting summary of biographical information. Great industry has been exercised in collecting the

materials—and judgment is displayed in the arrangement of them. Not only are the principal circumstances of men's lives here detailed, but their works are distinctly enumerated, with the time of their appearance; whilst the character of the individual is drawn by the hand of impartiality.

The late Dr. Enfield had united with Dr. Aikin in the publication of this work, and his death therefore, must be considered, both on this and on other accounts, as a great loss to the republic of letters. His department, however, is filled up by the Rev. Thomas Morgan, a gentleman of considerable ability, and extensive information. How far the work will branch out it is impossible precisely to say—but we may safely aver, that when finished, it will be a most meritorious publication. We hope that the compilers will receive from the public every possible encouragement. Biography is a most fascinating species of reading with every intelligent mind. Faithfully delineated, it is a polished mirror of no small beauty, which reflects the features of celebrated characters with an attractive accuracy.

Essay on Religion, being an Attempt to point out the unrivalled Beauty and Excellence of the Christian Doctrine, and the Necessity of paying it an Early Attention. Addressed to Young Persons. By John Fullagar. Rivington. 1s.

WE have read this little piece with pleasure—the sentiments are rational—and the tendency must be pronounced highly useful to the rising generation. Mr. F.'s intentions appear to be excellent—having at heart the cause of virtue and piety. We therefore cannot help expressing a wish that this *Young Layman* may be successful in the diffusion of pure and unadulterated christianity.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

PEACE having returned into the bosom of those nations which had been distracted with the din and confusion of war, we, of course, are more limited in our communications. Events are less numerous, and of less notoriety. It is, however, with greater pleasure, that we detail the less clamorous events of tranquillity which are now destined to bless our country.

The mission of Lord Cornwallis, to settle, on our part, the *definitive treaty* at Amiens, seems to have engaged, in a very considerable degree, the public attention. The preparations for his departure have been great, and no expence has been spared to render his embassy honourable to Great Britain. His reception in France has been extremely flattering by persons of all descriptions. The *Chief Consul*, BOUNAPARTE, has shewn him great attention.—The manner in which he has been treated must tend to banish that mutual hatred which has too long subsisted between those two great nations. We are in hopes, indeed, that both parties will conduct themselves towards each other with increasing regard and humanity.

On the 9th of this month, the French Republic displayed the most splendid tokens of joy in behalf of the peace, which has lately commenced. PARIS was in a blaze with its illuminations, on the eve of the day. All carriages were excluded from the scene of the *fete*, after five o'clock in the afternoon. Sentiments of high respect, however, suggested that the carriage of Lord Cornwallis should not be included in the restriction. He, therefore, visited all the places destined for the celebration of the *fete*.—In every quarter he saw order and civility pre-

served, without the assistance of force to secure it. Every where his presence excited that attention which does not originate from mere curiosity, which is able to describe, in a rational manner, its emotions, and which is an expression of pleasure, while it is, at the same time, a testimony of high respect for the character, and the reputation of him to whom it is addressed. At Calais, the expressions of joy were so great, that the firing of the cannon was heard at Dover during most part of the day!

PARLIAMENT having again assembled, on the third of this month, a grand debate took place concerning the *Preliminaries of Peace*! Many excellent speeches were made, and considerable were the displays of oratory. It appears that *three parties* exist, of which it may be proper to say a few words. The *first* consists of *Lord Grenville, the Marquis of Buckingham, Mr. Windham, &c.* who condemned the peace altogether, in terms of great severity. The *second* consists of *Lord Hawkebury, Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt, &c.* who contend strongly in behalf of the peace, and extol the terms on which it has been accomplished. The *third* party is made up of *Mr. Fox* and his friends, who approve of the peace, but insist that it might have been made on much better conditions at a former period. Such are the different and contradictory opinions by which the great council of the nation stands divided. For our own part, waving all political conjectures, we are persuaded that the PEACE must be pronounced an *inestimable blessing* to this nation.—May the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, experience every possible good which can result from it, down to latest posterity!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

Nov. 1. **A** LUMINOUS *Meteor* was observed at Chelsea, which rose in the west, and emitted so splendid a blaze of azure light for about a minute, that the smallest print could be read by it—it then took a south-east direction, when it divided into small balls, or globes, and instantly disappeared, without any explosion.

2. Accounts received, that of the 54 persons, who, in addition to the 29 killed, were wounded by the falling in of Kilmarnock church, during divine service, some are dead, and others also so bad, no hopes can be entertained of their recovery.

3. Marquis Cornwallis landed at Calais, amid a grand salute of artillery, the ringing of bells, a general illumination of the town, and every possible demonstration of joy and respect.

7. The Court of King's Bench, during the time of business, was thrown into the greatest confusion, by the sudden appearance of a woman disordered in her dress, with dishevelled hair, and exhibiting every symptom of phrenzy. The doorkeepers had attempted to keep her out, but notwithstanding their utmost exertions, she had found means to rush past them. However, one of them immediately pursued her, and laid hold of her just as she had come opposite Lord Kenyon. For some moments it was impossible to carry her back. She struggled violently, and exclaimed — "*Justice! justice! they have murdered my children—they have murdered my children! I will be heard! They have murdered my children!*" At last she seemed overcome by her feelings, and was dragged out in a state of insensibility. A gentleman at the bar said

that he knew her well. She was an unhappy maniac belonging to the part of the country from whence he came, at the distance of many miles from London.

9. This being Lord Mayor's day, the procession to Guildhall was more splendid than it has been for many years. *Sir John Eamer* fills the magisterial chair—besides the usual attendants in their carriages on these occasions, the *man in armour* was revived! A dragoon undertook to be champion, and was fitted with armour from the tower. He was dressed up in the curiass and helmet of William the Conqueror, the gloves of John of Gaunt, and the hose of Henry the Eighth! The militia of the city were drawn out, of which the Lord Mayor is second in command. He was also attended by the Salter's Company. The company at Guildhall was large, and very respectable. In going thither, the old Lord Mayor, Sir William Staines, Alderman Coombe, and Lord Nelson, had their horses taken from their carriages, and were drawn by the multitude. Contrary to custom, the day was remarkably fine, so that it was auspicious to the *pageantry* of the exhibition.

10. Sir Sydney Smith arrived at the Admiralty from Egypt—he landed at Portsmouth, and was received with acclamations by his grateful countrymen.

11. Accounts received from New York, that a fever was raging there, and in the vicinity. It is not, however, the yellow fever, which has proved so pernicious to the rising prosperity of that country.

12. A magnificent dinner was given at the London Tavern by the Levant Company, the Governor Lord Grenville in the chair. The company consisted of Lord Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith, &c. The whole was conducted with great conviviality.

13. Vice Admiral Sir William Parker having

been tried by a court-martial, at Portsmouth, the court was of opinion, that he was justified in sending the *America* and *Cleopatra* to the West Indies, but that he was indiscreet in the detailed instructions for their return within the limits of their station. The court, however, declared, the character of Sir William, to be such as to preclude the idea of his having been influenced by any motive not connected with the good of his majesty's service, and therefore most honourably acquitted him.

17. Lord Hawkesbury received a most magnificent snuff-box from the Emperor of Russia; the lid contains his Imperial Majesty's miniature, and is ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, dispersed with great taste into branches of laurel and olive over the portrait. The box is valued at 1600*l.* sterling.

19. The Fishmonger's Company gave an elegant entertainment, to which M. Otto, Lord Hawkesbury, Earl St. Vincent, and other celebrated characters were invited, in order to celebrate the Peace between France and Great Britain.

20. A coal porter exhibited his wife in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck for sale; he demanded a guinea for her, but she hung on hand for some time, until a man of good appearance made the purchase, and packing her halter and all into a hackney coach, drove for Blackfriar's bridge, amidst the huzzas of the mob. These disgraceful scenes are too frequent in the present day. Both the seller and buyer richly deserve to be whipped; and there is surely some law in the country, by which such outrages on decency may be chastised.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHN Debrett, Piccadilly, bookseller. Robert Lydstonn James, Penryn, Cornwall, dealer. W. Middleton, John Holland Pemberton, and and George Felton, Liverpool, merchants. Joseph Haines Brandish, Birmingham, factor. John Newton, Manchester, check-manufacturer. Thomas Leigh, Foxdenton, Lancashire, dealer. G. Mallalieu, Salford, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. John Henchan, Liverpool, dealer in muslin. James Craig, Lime-street, London, merchant. Wm. Halliday, Watling-street, London, warehouseman. A. H. Cortissos, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant. Jn. Attfield, late of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter. Joseph Hefford, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, tailor. Johd Cheyney, Oxford-street, linen-draper. J. H. Pemberton, Liverpool, merchant. J. Taylor and J. B. March, Wigmore-street, Cavendish square, linen-draper. E. Wall, Shrewsbury, Salop, innkeeper. Evan Humphreys, Bristol, victualler and skinner. John Jeaves, late of Aldersgate-street, London, merchant. J. Furnell, Kent-road, Camberwell, Surry, fell-monger. Joel Wallis, Tiverton, Somersetshire, baker. Wm. Quantrill, William-street, Shoreditch, carpenter. Wm. Izod, Lamb-street, Spitalfields-market, baker. Robert Atherton, Latchford, Cheshire, tanner. Ingram Varley, Wigan, Lancashire, shop-keeper. James Ogdèn, late of Ashton under line, cotton-spinner. John Cornish, late of the Broadway, Deptford, butcher. George Andrews, late of Holybourne, Hampshire, tanner. Anthony

Rudhall, Bedminster, Somersetshire, baker. John George Titchens, St. Mary Hill, Billingsgate, merchant. George Blakey, Mile-end, Middlesex, ship-owner. Wm. Harvey, Liverpool, woollen-dra- per. Elijah Cobham, Liverpool, merchant. P. Kind and W. Smith, Southampton, linen- drapers. T. Taylor, Birmingham, draper. J. Scott and F. Roach, Castle-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, linen-drapers. Robert Henderson, Oxford-street, fishmonger. J. T. Serres, Wim- pole-street, Cavendish-square, bookseller. John Simmonds, Canterbury, linen-dra- per. Richard Bishop, late of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, and John Ireland, late of Culkerton, Wiltshire, corn-dealers. Theodore Allen, Bath, fishmonger. Joseph Til- stone, Newcastle under Lyne, hat-manufacturer. John Newton, Kirby Lonsdale, Westmorland, liquor-merchant. Edw. Pheasant, Grantham, Lin- colnshire, dealer in seeds. John Stentafor- d, Plymouth Dock, shopkeeper. Mark Palmer, Monk- wearmouth shore, county of Durham, sail-maker. John Blair, London-street, Middlesex, mariner. John Cooke, White Horse Lane, Stepney, coal- merchant. John Barnes, Bolton, Lancashire, cot- ton-manufacturer. J. Tripp, Bristol, salesman. J. Rawley, Chancery Lane, boot and shoemaker. B. T. Chynn, Purleigh, Essex, shop-keeper. E. Strong and W. Harvey, Liverpool, anchor- smiths. F. L. E. Orstorn, Frith Street, Soho, mathematical instrument maker. G. King, Frome Selwood, Somerset, cabinet-maker. J. Bu- chanan, Woolwich, pork-butcher. J. Brock, jun. Wapping Street, slopseller. R. Evans, City Road, umbrella-maker. Jeremiah Marshall King, Liverpool, coffee-house-keeper. Samuel Broug- hall, Yeaton, salop, miller. Joseph Coulthard, Bucklersbury, London, warehonseman. Isaac

Noble, Penrith, Cumberland, ironmonger. Ezekiel Croydon, late of Stourbridge, Worcestershire, baker. David Moffatt, Fleet Market, London, grocer. Robert Fisher, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, tailor. Wm. Dyson, Marsden, Yorkshire, drysalter and grocer. J. Marshall, Little Russel Street, Bermondsey, Surry, tanner. J. Tomlinson, Salford, Lancaster, west and twist-dealer. J. Shuttleworth, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. J. Meycock, Broad Street, St. Giles's in the Fields, and St. George, Bloomsbury, haberdasher. W. Ludby, Petworth, Sussex, shopkeeper. G. Cawthorn, Strand, bookseller. H. Nathan, late of Sheerness, slopseller. R. Tomkinson, J. Tomkinson, and D. F. Solicke, late of Liverpool, merchants. W. Yeoman, Theobald's Road, tallow-chandler. J. Dwyer, late of Bristol, hatter. J. M'Carty, Liverpool, merchant. J. Evans, late of Wolverhampton, but now of Liverpool, hardwareman. H. Ross, now or late of Liverpool, merchant.

To Correspondents.

We have received a *valuable original communication* from Sidmouth, entitled, "*The Vision realized*;" it shall appear, without fail next month, and its perusal, we doubt not, will highly gratify the Readers of our Miscellany.

The communications of *Veritas* in our next.

ERRATA.---In the *Ode to Peace* inserted in our last Miscellany, for *torn*, read *forlorn*; and for *others*, read *fairer*.

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